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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN Vol.19 No.11

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THE GIRLS YOU'VE ASKED TO SEE

Sexy Sisters TV's Vicki and Page Three's Lisa

UNVEILING THE SS1: BRITAIN'S LATEST SPORTS CAR

KISS AND MAKE UP: OUR BEAUTICIAN BARES ALL

TANK BUSTERS: HOW THE ARMOURED VEHICLE MET ITS MATCH

JUNGLE FRESH: OUR TEMPTRESS FROM THE TROPICS

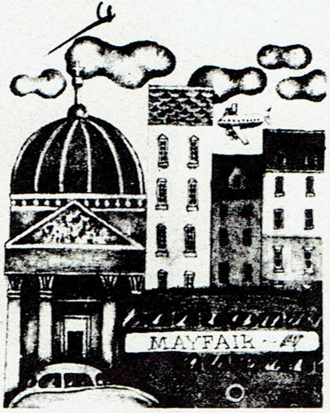
QUEST SURVEY: JUDAS CONFESSIONS

HEADS YOU WIN: THE HAT MAKES A COMEBACK

THE MAIN ATTRACTION: IT'S OUR USHERETTE UNCOVERED

LARGEST U.K. MEN'S MAGAZINE READERSHIP

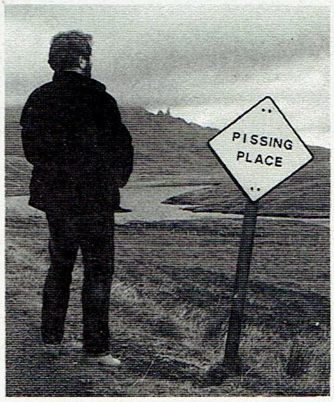
SCENE



This month *Mayfair* passes a motoring milestone as we unveil Britain's latest sports car, the Reliant SS1, on page 64. Photographer Andrew Morland was the first man outside the car firm to shoot the new model, beating the motoring press. In fact, when he went up to Tamworth in Staffordshire to take the pictures, the car was still shrouded in secrecy, which presented some problems to the photographer. First of all the car had to be wrapped up in tarpaulin, away from prying eyes, and placed on the back of a low-loader for a journey to Birmingham. Then, west of the city centre, the car was unloaded, devoid of any identifying marks, to be driven to a deserted farm near Stourbridge. There, away from public attention, the photography could begin – or could it? The company badges and logos that had to be put back on the car before the pictures were taken, showed a marked reluctance to stick, and, Andrew Morland says, he apologises to readers if any of them are still a bit crooked. The photography over, the car then made its way back to the factory. One or two sharp-eyed motoring fanatics still spotted the car however, and were very keen to find out about it. 'One Porsche 911 driver nearly crashed, staring at the mysterious rival,' said Andrew. Now, he'll know all about it.

Rarely are two sisters as beautiful and as talented as Vicki and Lisa Scott. Both are successful models, working on TV and in newspapers, and it seemed only right to feature them together in one issue. Vicki, whose set starts on page 16, is perhaps best known for her work on television. She has appeared in a British Telecom advertisement encouraging people to phone the USA, and in commercials for confectionary. She can also be seen in the Minolta photocopier TV ad – though on this occasion it might be harder to recognise her. She plays Marilyn Monroe, a part she gets offered regularly because of her strong physical resemblance to the movie star. Sister Lisa is newer to modelling but has already made her *Page Three* debut, and puts in her first *Mayfair* appearance on page 38. Vicki and Lisa have a third sister, Kim, who hasn't taken up modelling. But when she sees their success, perhaps we will be able to welcome her to our pages as well.

We have always known that *Mayfair* is one of the most erotic magazines on the market, but now it is official. The humorous, but extremely cynical, *Naff Sex Guide* by Dr Kit Bryson, Selina Fitzherbert and Jean-Luc Legris placed us in the top ten of the most arousing material available – the only mass circulation men's magazine to figure at all. The placings were decided by 'male volunteers between the ages of 19 and 39', and *Mayfair* was chosen, they say, because of 'the high standard of its celebrity nudes – Tula, Lesley-Anne Down and Sian Adey Jones.' Other publications come in for rougher treatment. Chapters include, 'Naff Things that Happen in *Forum* Letters,' 'Naff Things *Cosmo* Characters do' and 'How to Recognise *News of the World* Reporters at a Wife-Swapping Party'. The *Naff Sex Guide* is published by Arrow, priced £2.50.



Facilities in some parts of Scotland can be a bit primitive, as photographer Donald Milne found when he returned to his native land. He couldn't resist obliging, then sold the picture to a Swedish magazine who made it a double-page spread!

We'll send you our ladies

Take out a year's subscription to *Mayfair*, and a world of beautiful girls will be delivered to your home. You will receive *Mayfair* every month, discreetly wrapped, before it goes on sale to the public. And at just £17.50 for a subscription, you can avoid any price increases, a real plus in these days of rising costs and postal charges. It also includes the higher-priced Christmas edition. Don't delay, send off now.

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M1911

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

****♡♡♡ Gabriela** (18), 1 hr 42 mins. Marital reconciliation Brazilian-style is evidently earthier than most. When bar owner Nacib (Marcello Mastroianni) encounters his sensual and wayward wife Gabriela (Sonia Braga) by night in his garden he promptly rips off her single garment, leans back with her naked body straddling his, and, barely pausing to unzip, has his uninhibited way with her. This is only marginally less volcanic than their initial encounter in which he pleasures her as *she* leans backwards, similarly naked, through an open window. The tale charts their stormy romance in a remote Brazilian town in the 1920s. Much local colour, even more of the curious Latin obsession with virginity, honour and cuckoldry, but the film's *raison d'etre* is Ms Braga's spirited and highly revealing performance.

*****♡ Rope** (PG), 1 hr 21 mins. Two rich young Americans strangle a college friend in their New York apartment merely to prove their intellectual superiority. They conceal the body in a chest, and serve food from the top of it at a party attended by the victim's unsuspecting father and fiancé. Grim and suspenseful fare in this re-issue of Alfred Hitchcock's 1948 thriller, and equally remarkable for the ingenious way it was filmed. To maintain the claustrophobic atmosphere, it was shot in continuous ten minute takes (the length of one roll of film).

****♡ Best Revenge** (18), 1 hr 30 mins. Small-time Californian soft drug-pedlar Charlie Granger (John Heard) is blackmailed by his girlfriend's gangster brother into organising a massive hashish smuggling operation from Morocco to Spain. The result is intrigue, betrayal, counter-betrayal and incarceration for the hero and his sidekick in a grim Moroccan dungeon by police authorities who seem universally corrupt. A taut but curiously uninvolving thriller in the *Midnight Express* mould.

****♡ The Pope of Greenwich Village** (PG), 2 hrs. Bright, sharp-dressing Charlie (Mickey Rourke) and dim, fast-talking Paulie (Eric Roberts), denizens of New York's 'Little Italy', opt for the big time by robbing a safe which turns out to contain local Mafia money. An uneasy mixture of comedy and tragedy, but supremely well-observed.

*****♡ The Karate Kid** (PG), 2 hrs 7 mins. Daniel (Ralph Macchio) – newly moved from New York to California – is the weedy teenager of the Charles Atlas ads. He has sand kicked in his face by a muscular bully – this time karate-trained – and retaliates by turning himself into a black belt, and thrashing his persecutor in a local championship. A teenage version of *Rocky* (by the same director) with oriental overtones (an eccentric Japanese handyman provides the training). Over-long, convincing but basically superior wish-fulfilment.

****♡♡♡ Erotic Awakening** (18), 1 hr 29 mins. Equipped with an apparently infallible pick-up technique, Paul Michael Glaiser-lookalike Jack (John Leslie) wants only to service an endless line of conquests. His retarded friend Lenny (Richard Pacheco), meanwhile, yearns for true love, and to his chums's disgust finds it. A good deal of enthusiasm from those involved – and conviction unusual in this kind of softcore fare – redeems the rather unimaginative staging of numerous bouts of sexual activity.

****♡♡♡♡ Come Play With Me 3** (18), 1 hr 7 mins. Dubbed. No pretence of conviction here in the sexploits of seven nubile students at an unlikely Swiss academy, but a lot more erotic imagination at work. As when our heroines strip the boyfriend of one in their dormitory, blindfold him, and persuade him to identify his girlfriend by fondling each of their nude bodies in turn. Finding her, he hops aboard (it is, of course, another girl). Then there's the obliging flasher who demonstrates male sexual anatomy to the biology class ... Plotless and silly, it's still effective entertainment.

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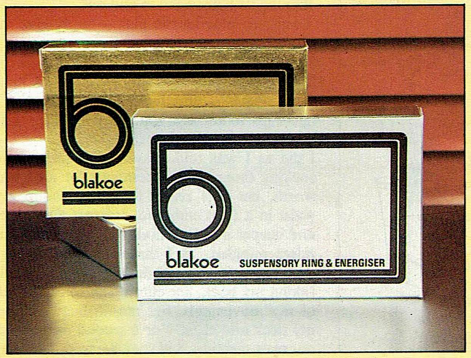

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LETTERS

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was touching and fondling me. I went back to the top deck where I took off my dress completely. No one actually screwed me, but by the time we returned to Putney I'd danced naked with almost every man on board. It was a most enjoyable boat trip, and I hope everyone enjoyed me too.

(Name and address withheld)

Don't forget to invite us next time. We just adore those society gatherings.

Women who talk about prostitutes or callgirls generally adopt a superior attitude. They themselves may accept gifts, expensive meals or visits to the theatre before they allow a man to sleep with them – but not actual cash. Often, if they are married, they require a special favour from their husbands – or the lovers they entertain.

Even in these enlightened days quite a few women still regard sex as a duty or feign non-existent passion – or headaches. How many make a real attempt to please their men or to find out their needs, which go far beyond the physical act of making love? How many women, once they have 'caught' their man, continue to treat him as a lover, try to look their best, and, above all, are a true friend and comrade? That is what every man needs as much, if not more, than sex.

May I, a mere male, father of grown-up children, happily divorced from an attractive but domineering female, who brought up his children in a motherless household (apart from the occasional housekeeper or foreign *au pair*) relate some of my experiences since, very many years ago, I parted from my nagging young wife, and she went off with her even younger lover whose child she bore.

It may not be material where I picked up the many so-called prostitutes or 'business' girls whose company I enjoyed over the years – but for the benefit of my readers, and because I have no regrets (nor ever caught a disease) let me say that these girls came from a variety of sources – contact magazines, 'personal' column advertisements, but mostly 'the street'.

Living in the Midlands, it was a great deal more difficult to meet girls than it may be in the big cities or in London. Also, I was always very choosy, and rejected anyone who looked scruffy, common, or otherwise undesirable. Maybe I was plain lucky, but I doubt it. Let me tell you about some of the young ladies – and I admit my preference for the under thirties – whom it has been my good fortune to meet.

Anna, whom I met through a contact magazine, impressed me with her very beautiful English when I first spoke to her on the phone. She lived in a largish flat which she was redecorating. At 26, she had two young children who were being looked after by her disapproving mother in another town. She paid her brother's school fees, a talented young musician at a well-known public school. You could converse with her on any subject. She was petite, extremely beautiful, wore and needed no make-up, and was totally uninhibited sexually. She felt it her duty to please her customers, and, above all, knew what a man needed. When I visited her, she provided wine or coffee, warmth, comfort – and was a good listener. Once I had paid we became a couple of true 'lovebirds', and I spent three or four happy hours in an atmosphere of complete physical and spiritual peace.

When Anna left town, perhaps to plough the greener pastures of London in whose luxury hotels she had frequently found well-heeled customers, I found someone else.

Jane lived on a very isolated moorland farm with her 10-year-old son and her father, looking after the owner's livestock. The latter was a middle-aged, married farmer who owned several other properties in the vicinity, and had installed her in this spare farmhouse where he visited her from time to time. Not satisfied with his company or her wages, she also advertised in a contact magazine.

Jane was in her late twenties, from a good family, divorced, and with a brother in the then Rhodesian Army – an Infantry Captain. Whenever she entertained she sent her father and son off in her car to the cinema.

A stunning blonde, Jane could hold a highly intelligent conversation, and loved company. She provided comfortable and clean surroundings in a very

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LETTERS

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beautiful setting, let you stay for two or three hours, was a good listener, and also supplied both coffee and drinks. Sexually she was totally uninhibited, and tried to please.

Pamela, a tall blonde in her twenties, I picked up in the street of a medium-sized East Midland town. She had been married and divorced once, and during our several years' relationship, married again. She originated from West Scotland, and was of working class background, but highly intelligent, and the best and most caring mother (of two daughters in their early teens) I had ever met. Whilst she was extremely strict with her children – whom I later met – she loved to spoil them, and believed in having a spotless, well-furnished council flat which she was forever re-decorating. She bought only the best of food, and had acquired a lifestyle well beyond her social security income, later supplemented by her husband's contribution.

Though she lived a good few miles away from me, I used to bring her to my house, and over the years we became very good friends. I was able to help her with some of her problems, and finally succeeded in making her save some money which she used to pay the deposit on a nice modern house.

Pamela is available whenever I phone her. She is extremely good company. We listen to each other's problems and have the kind of understanding where we both know each other's physical and sexual needs, assuring a totally free and easy relationship which, I fear, few marriages can provide. Neither her husband nor her daughters are aware of her 'extra-mural' activities, and meeting me has caused no problems over the years. We can laugh and love together, and the fact that she gets paid proves no obstacle to our relationship. Neither of us feel the least bit guilty.

I will mention only one more example – 19-year-old Yvonne whom I picked up one dark Sunday night in one of the larger towns some 30 miles away. Our friendship started in the room she rented from a girl-friend who looked after Yvonne's 12-month-old baby son, a girl she had known for three years who soaked her of virtually all her earnings but was very conscientious in looking after little Jonathan and her own three-year-old.

Yvonne was the illegitimate daughter of her 37-year-old mother and her now 72-year-old landlord. Her mother had abandoned her, and she was brought up in a children's home which she left at 16 to go on the streets. She was a young lady of outstanding physical attractiveness, matched by blue-grey 'come to bed' eyes, a flawless English Rose complexion, hair, teeth, hands and fingernails of absolute perfection, spotlessly clean, but as poor as a churchmouse.

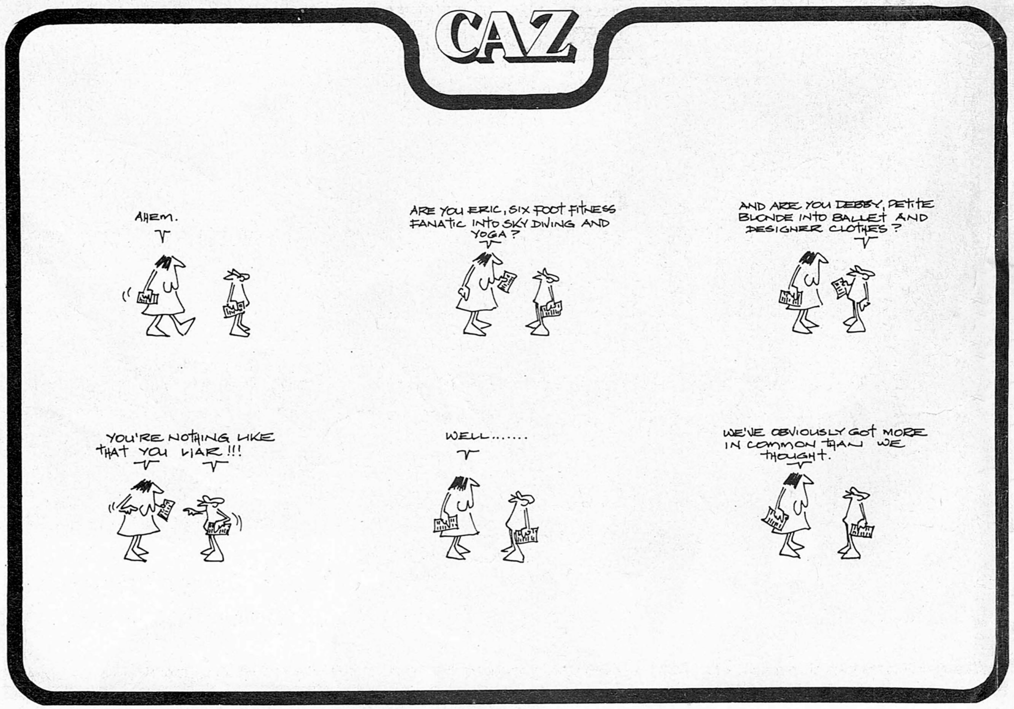
She had a childlike innocence, a smile which could melt an iceberg – and she simply exuded warmth and affection – above all she appreciated every word or action of appreciation of whatever she said or did. She would snuggle up to you like a loving, totally innocent child. To her sex was not a thing apart – she was the most natural person I have ever had the good fortune to meet.

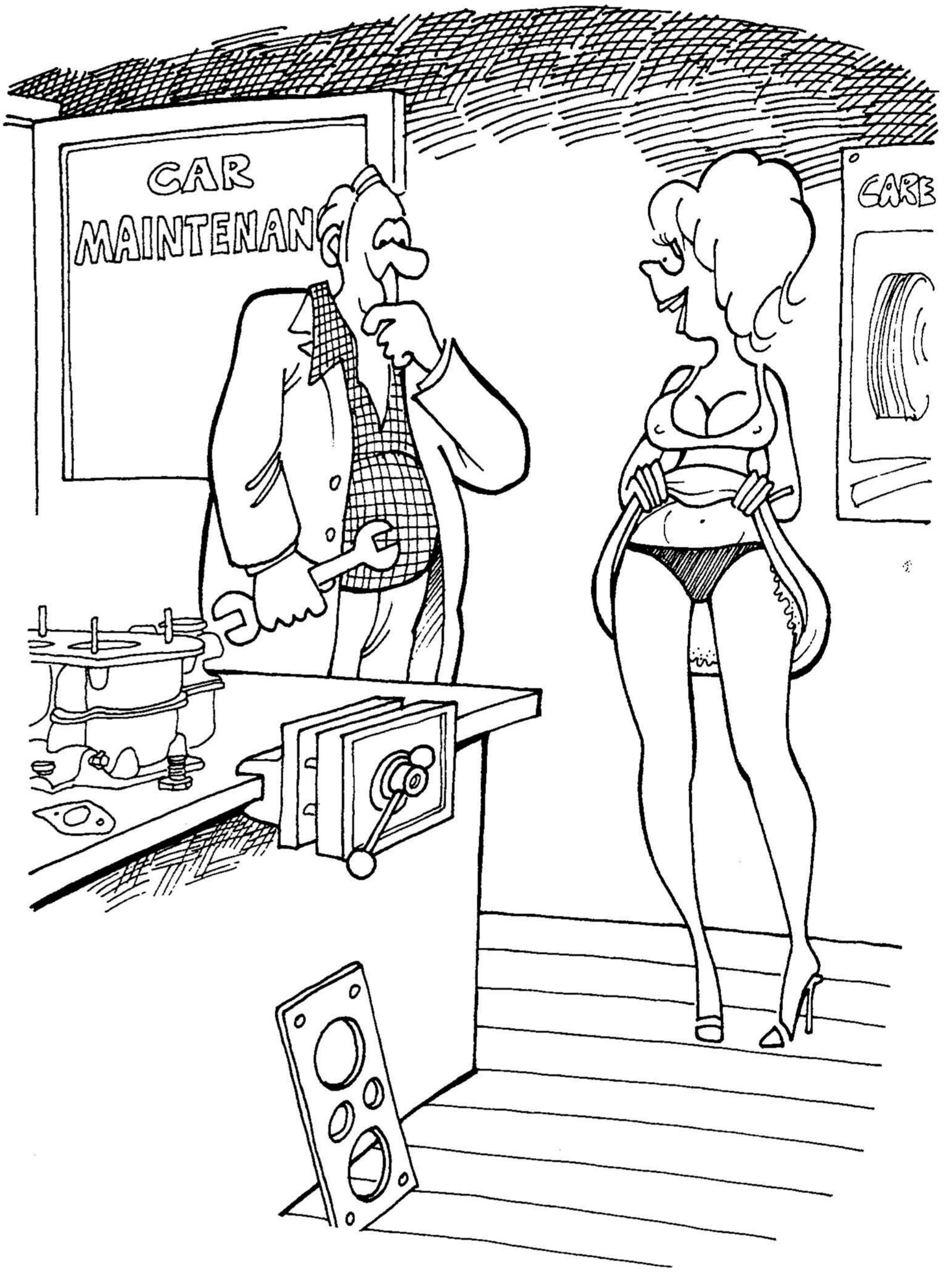
I could write a book about my experiences and encounters. Suffice it to say that I – who in my youth was as narrowminded, puritanical and prejudiced against prostitutes as the majority of people still are to this day – was totally wrong. Of course there are some wicked or filthy women amongst them, but I have rarely met one. As a 'profession' they probably have no more black sheep than the Police or the Church or women in general. Indeed, perhaps because of their inbuilt ability to give not just sex, but a great deal of true affection and love – and because of their deep knowledge of man's innermost needs (quite apart from sex) – they can, and often do a great deal of good. Quite apart from catering for unmarried or lonely men – they may well be saving many an indifferent marriage from becoming a broken one.

Let us not judge lest we be judged. Let us show tolerance and understanding. We – and women in particular – can learn from their 'fallen' sisters.

H H, Northampton

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ


CAZ
AHEM.
ARE YOU ERIC, SIX FOOT FITNESS FANATIC INTO SKY DIVING AND YOGA?
AND ARE YOU DEBBY, PETITE BLONDE INTO BALLET AND DESIGNER CLOTHES?
YOU'RE NOTHING LIKE THAT
YOU LIAR!!!
WELL......
WE'VE OBVIOUSLY GOT MORE IN COMMON THAN WE THOUGHT.



'This is what I normally do when my car breaks down.'

NIGHT SCHOOL-FOR SCANDAL

You're never too old to learn, says cartoonist Anthony, and there's nowhere like an evening class for adulterous education

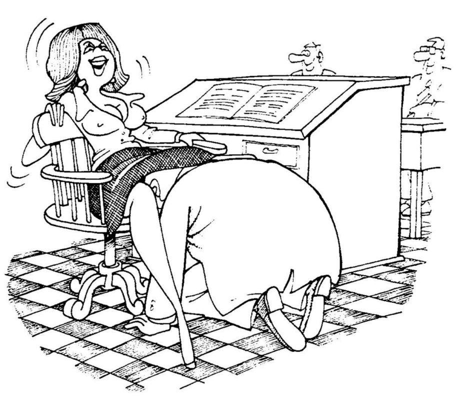
LADIES
KEEP FIT
CLASS

'I was half expecting you to tell me to touch my toes.'

BASIC
FRENCH
FOR
BEGINNERS

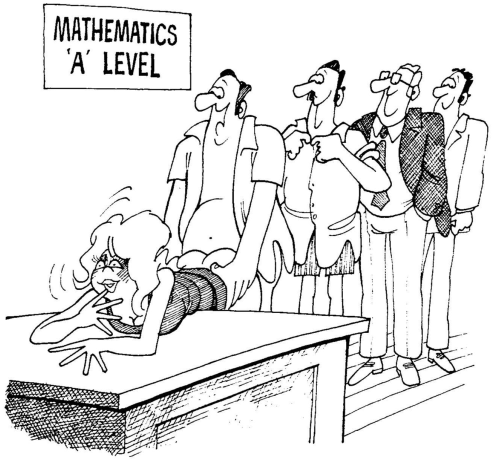
'But, Miss Seymour, French kissing is not on the curriculum.'

'Miss Biggs, Mr Rawnsley, are you paying attention?'

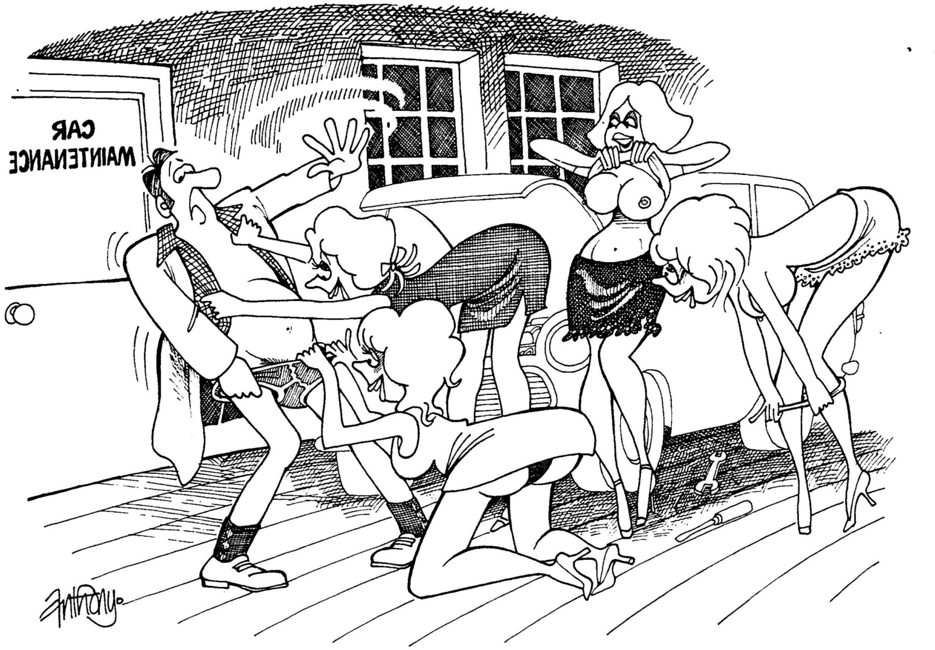


'I see that you're already familiar with some aspects of oral French, Mr Langton.'

'Oh yes, Miss King, you're moulding it into shape quite beautifully.'


MATHEMATICS
'A' LEVEL

'Are you still counting, Miss Clarke?'


CAR
MAINTENANCE
Anthony

'Ladies, please! I was referring to the big end on the car!'

That speeding taxi had sent her sprawling into the slush. She was stunningly beautiful, but soaked to the skin, so I suggested she change in my flat. Now she is standing, naked, wriggling her toes in the thick pile of my bedroom carpet. Heaven help me

Sister Salome

Fiction by Peter Samson

To say that she was stunningly beautiful is rather like saying that Atilla the Hun had poor table manners. But she was. You don’t expect nuns to be gorgeous.

She looked as though she was about to cry, and considering that she was sprawled out in several inches of wet slush in the middle of the Earls Court Road, that wasn’t too surprising.

‘Are you all right, sister?’ I asked, helping her to her feet.

‘I – I think so,’ she said, looking around her. ‘My case, I’ve lost my case.’

‘There it is,’ I said, picking up the small black case from where it lay a couple of feet away.

By this time the lights had changed, and the taxi driver was hooting at us to get out of his way. I walked over, and motioned to him to wind down his window.

‘Hurry it up, guv,’ he said, ‘I’ve got a fare to pick up.’

‘You’ll have your balls to pick up if you’re not careful, chum,’ I said pleasantly. ‘The way you came racing up to these lights you could have killed the sister here. As it is you’ve scared the living daylights out of her, and given her a soaking into the bargain. Now don’t add insult to injury by hooting at us or I’ll break your legs off, and stuff them down your throat. Catch my drift?’

He didn’t say anything, but judging by the way his head was nodding up and down he was no butterfingers when it came to catching drifts.

I took the little nun’s arm, and steered her to the pavement where she stopped and gave me a disapproving look – she had heard my words to the taxi-driver.

‘You have a nasty temper, Mr . . .’

‘Byrd,’ I said, ‘as in Admiral.’

‘I beg your pardon?’

‘Admiral Byrd – polar explorer.’

‘I see,’ she said distractedly, pulling uncomfortably at the sleeve of her habit.

‘You’re soaked right through to your skin.’

‘That’s all right. I have some other clothes in my bag.’

‘Oh, in that case, since we are now standing directly in front of my flat, might I offer you the use of my bathroom to clean up?’

She raised one perfect arch of an eyebrow, and shot me such a wickedly cynical look that I was immediately on the defensive.

‘I’ll make you a nice hot cup of tea,’ I spluttered. ‘That’ll warm you up. Or coffee . . .’ I trailed off miserably, ‘. . . or whatever.’

‘Coffee,’ she said with the kind of smile a child will give you just before you sit on their whoopee cushion. ‘Or perhaps a nice cup of whatever. With brandy in it.’

I’ve seen enough of the world – and the ladies in it – not to be ill at ease in the presence of a beautiful woman, but I admit to a slight malaise coming over me as I let us

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ILLUSTRATION BY GLEN MITCHELL

Sister Salome

continued from page 24

both into the flat. Given that I had spent the last three hours in a drinking den that would make a Macao brothel look like the Dorchester Hotel, I was, I judged, going to be suffering from severe culture-shock very shortly. What in God's name do you talk to a nun about over a cup of tea?

As it was, she settled for hot chocolate, and having shown her the bathroom I went off to make it. Operations were nearing completion when I remembered the brandy. Had she meant that? Or was it just a barbed little remark? I went off to find out.

The bathroom door was slightly ajar, and assuming that she was still getting her things out of the overnight bag I barged happily in.

'Do you really want . . .' I stopped. I gulped. '. . . brandy in it?' I whispered, realising that it was true. I *was* looking at a totally naked and breathtakingly beautiful nun who stood wriggling her toes in the thick beige pile of my bathroom carpet.

'Mr Byrd,' she spat, and I fled back to the kitchen, slamming the bathroom door behind me as I went. I poured myself a stiffer brandy than was wise under the circumstances, and gulped it down. As the spirit began to tingle in my stomach, I felt an echoing tingle of embarrassment in my face. Worse, as I remembered how she had looked naked my loins began to tingle too.

She had been too surprised to cover herself up, and the image of her figure was burnt into my brain. Her body was full and round with high, taut breasts overshadowing the soft concavity of her stomach, the liquid sweep of hips running into thighs punctuated by those vulnerable little fronds of pubic hair.

But no body has character without a face – and I loved her face. Framed in a breathtaking tumble of chestnut hair, it was flushed an indignant pink. Her dark eyes were a sparkling angry blue. Her mouth, even set as it was against my intrusion, was more voluptuous than a nun's mouth had any dam right to be. Standing trembling in the kitchen, I wanted more than anything to take that perfect body, and hold it close, and to kiss her very slowly on those superb moist lips.

The bathroom door slammed, and I came to, quivering. I could hear her enter the living room, humming softly to herself. Damn it, I thought, I'm almost prostrate with lust in the kitchen while she plays the Singing Nun in my living room. I felt annoyed.

I marched in with the hot chocolate, and immediately my irritation dissolved into embarrassment. She was wearing my dressing gown, one of those short ones which even on her, only reached the middle of her thigh.

'I'm terribly sorry, Mr Byrd,' she said, so quietly that I could hardly hear her, 'the water must have gotten into my case. My other clothes are a bit damp so I've hung them up. I hope you don't mind me wearing your dressing gown.'

She sat down very carefully on a floor cushion in front of the fire, and from the demure way she held down the hem I knew that she was naked underneath. I gulped audibly.

'Drinking yours already?' She smiled sweetly, reaching out for hers, and revealing one unimpeachable breast as the dressing-gown came adrift. I clamped my free hand over my eyes as I handed her the hot chocolate.

'Oh dear. I am showing a little too much, aren't I? It's all right now, Mr Byrd, I'm decent.'

I squinted through my fingers before I believed her. There she was, demure again, sipping her hot chocolate on my floor cushion. I sat down on another cushion opposite her. 'I must say, Mr Byrd, that you show great consideration to a lady for such a worldly man.'

I sparked, grew taller. Boy, was I flattered. I put on my best macho smirk, and asked in a voice so ridiculously *basso profundo* that I couldn't even hear it myself, 'And what makes you think that I'm worldly, sister.'

'The bags under your eyes.' She smiled prettily at me over her mug as I spluttered into my chocolate. 'Sister Theresa says that men with bags under their eyes are very worldly – and Sister Theresa's a very experienced nun.'

For some reason this last phrase sent a hot stab of pleasurable pain surging to the tip of my cock. Nonetheless my dander – amongst other things – was rising, and barely restrained irritation crept into my voice when I answered that I was sure that Sister Theresa knew exactly what she was talking about.

'Just what are you insinuating about Sister Theresa, Mr Byrd?' she demanded fiercely.

'Who me?' I asked innocently.

'You're the only Mr Byrd I see around here. Don't deny it, I heard the barely restrained irritation creeping into your voice.'

By now she was kneeling up with one hand on her hip, the other holding the mug. The top of the dressing-gown was sliding apart unnoticed, to reveal those golden pink breasts. Ye gods, I thought, if that bosom were to fall from the sky I'd play Chicken Licken for a week. I was careless enough to permit myself a dreamy smile at the thought.

'Laugh at her, would you, you . . . you . . .'

She leapt across at me, and grabbed me by the shirt front. Simultaneously the buttons on my shirt flew in all directions, and she managed to spill her hot chocolate all over me. Immediately she was contrite.

'Oh look what I've done now,' she wailed. She sat across my thighs, and began drying my hair with the lapels of the dressing-gown. If you have any knowledge of geometry you will realise that my face was now occupying the shortest distance between two heavenly points. I fell, I admit it. The devil called, and I went running. Nun or not, my hands came up instinctively to cup those beautiful round breasts, so hot against my face. My thumbs rubbed her nipples, and I arched myself up to her. She went very still for a second, and then carefully eased herself to one side, and cupped her breast to my mouth. She began kissing the top of my head, and pressing her naked furry little bush down on my growing erection. My hands moved down and under the dressing gown to her plump, pliant

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Sister Salome

continued from page 26

buttocks. I took as much of her breast as I could into my mouth, and let my tongue flick firmly across the nipple.

She gasped with pleasure, and reached down to massage the front of my trousers which were vainly attempting to restrain my swelling member.

'What did you say your namesake did?' she asked.

Loathe as I was to do so, I managed to divert my mouth from its pleasant occupation long enough to answer her surprising question.

'Admiral Byrd? He was a polar explorer. Why?'

'Well,' she murmured as she unfastened my trousers, and grasped my shaft with long cool fingers, 'I seem to be exploring a pole myself.'

* * *

When she suggested, a little later, that I take a shower to wash off the hot chocolate it seemed a little superfluous to me as she had already licked away every trace of it, ending by refreshing a part of my body that that particular beverage had definitely not reached. As she took my cock into her hot liquid mouth, and sucked and nibbled at it, as she caressed and squeezed and gently pinched my balls, I couldn't help but wonder to whom I'd been so good that I deserved a reward like this.

She ran soft hands up my thighs, dug her fingernails into my buttocks, and sucked and sucked until her soft willing mouth was the centre of my universe, and I was in the grip of a shattering climax. She was still sucking and lapping at me, rubbing her wet pussy along my leg frantically. When I was empty and lying in a hazy, mind-blown coma, she lay down on top of me, her crimson nipples hard against my chest, and bit me gently on the neck.

'Mr Byrd,' she sighed luxuriantly into my ear, 'how did you know I like so much cream with my hot chocolate?'

* * *

As I stood beneath the ice-cold needles of the shower, wondering whether seducing a nun qualified as a mortal or a venial sin, the refreshed part began to rise again in salute to the memory of the last half-hour. I have never understood why a cold shower is touted as an antidote for lust. Speaking for myself, if that cool masochism ever failed to give me an aching hard-on, I'd assume that I'd closed the door of the shower stall too quickly, and amputated the damn thing.

Now, as I rubbed myself vigorously with a rough towel, I could feel my scattered nerve-endings regrouping for the next assault.

What should I do? Apologise profusely for my appalling lapse? Make it known by my casual manner that seducing nuns was nothing new to me, and offer her a Drambuie? As it happened, fate dictated that I would exercise neither of these options. As I put on my black silk Japanese dressing-gown with the flaming dragons on the back, I heard her moving about in the bedroom. And judging by the heaviness of her footsteps, she was wearing shoes. My God, I thought, she's getting ready to go.

I rushed through the adjoining door, and with balletic precision tripped over her case, and landed flat on my back on the floor.

'Why, Mr Byrd,' she murmured as she switched on the bedside light, and slipped a classical tape into the player on the nightstand, 'what a hurry you're in.'

She was dressed as I had first seen her, in her habit.

'Are you going?' I asked from the floor.

'Would I want music and low lights if I was, Mr Byrd? I was just about to do my act.'

EROS CINEMA
THE 'SEXATIONAL' SHANDY IN
THE NAUGHTY NUN
X
ALL NEXT WEEK
R.D.C
TUGG

'If I hadn't hidden some men's magazines in the wardrobe, she'd still be working at Tescos.'

'And what's that?' I asked, still too winded to move.

'Perhaps, Mr Byrd, you've heard of the Singing Nun? Well, I'm Sister Salome, the Dancing Nun.'

And with that she began to pirouette. As she twirled before me the habit began to rise, and I noticed that, incongruously enough for a nun, she was wearing stiletto heels. As she twirled faster and faster the habit rose higher and higher to reveal first stocking tops, and then a black suspender belt. And between those erotic glories her bare and beautiful bum and her golden pubic hair winked at me alternatively, like the searchlights of some surreal lighthouse.

She moved in time to the music, and as it reached a crescendo she gracefully pirouetted over me, and came to a gentle landing straddling my chest, my arms pinned to my sides by those long slender legs. I was blind, trapped under the habit. I could only kick my legs in an effort to escape – but then I didn't want to. She began to rock back and forth, rubbing my chest with that glorious quim, becoming more and more aroused, the juices flowing from her, painting me with her musky perfume. As she moved further up my chest I could only savour that perfect aroma, that beautiful animal smell of an aroused and wanton woman. And that she was wanting me I could not doubt as she slid silken thighs against my cheeks. Grabbing my hair through the fabric of the habit, she plunged my face into that wet and glorious pussy.

What a perfect prison, trapped between those soft pillow thighs as she firmly stroked my face. My hands, now freed, sought the twin roundnesses of her buttocks. I pulled her down more firmly, pushed my face up greedily to bathe it in her, to taste that sweet and salty syrup, to nibble at that furry cleft, to lick and stroke and tease her. She pulled the habit up now, and looked down to watch as I laboured between her legs. Without altering her rocking motion, she brushed my hair from my eyes so that I could see better the way she ran her hands over that flat abdomen to play with her hard and reddened nipples. As she pinched them, and squeezed and kneaded those glorious globes, she threw her head back in ecstasy, and growled softly deep in her throat. I drew my tongue over her in long wet strokes, faster and harder each time, making her gasp. She let out a soft scream, and moved faster, rubbing her pussy harder and harder into my face, rocking back and forth in a frenzy. She grabbed my hair to hold me still as with a circular motion of her hips she ground herself savagely against my bristly jaw, finding my mouth in a strange and beautiful kiss as she shuddered from one orgasm to another.

When she finally collapsed softly onto the floor beside me, my face was blue. I gasped for air as she murmured to me, 'I'm glad you don't shave before making love, Mr Byrd.'

Even if I could have thought of a witty reply, I was in no condition to deliver it, lying breathless and bruised on the carpet, my shower-born erection now acting as a tent pole beneath the folds of the black silk

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Sister Salome

continued from page 104

dressing-gown. She reached out to explore my pole once more, this time wrapping the silk loosely around the shaft, and firmly stroking up and down.

'You're insatiable, Sister,' I said.

'You're the one with the hard-on, Mr Byrd,' she replied with a frosty look. 'You should be ashamed of yourself.'

That did it. I stood up, lifted her in both arms, and threw her onto the bed, the habit flying up to reveal that pretty snatch again.

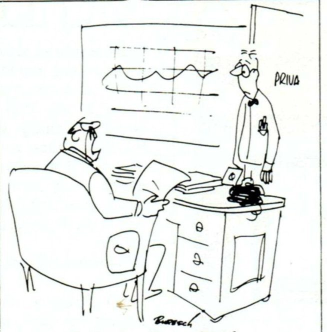
'And what does sister Theresa say about worldly nuns then? *I* should be ashamed? What the hell have you been doing for the last hour, ministering to the sick? It didn't take much temptation for you to be licking off the hot chocolate, did it? And I did nothing to encourage you to rub that juicy pussy into . . .'

I realised what I was saying, and stopped. I also realised that my cock was now free of the dressing-gown, and pointing in the general direction of heaven – which I would now never see as a result of this evening's escapade.

'Well, screw you, Mr Byrd,' she said, and began to giggle. 'Or better still,' she looked straight into my eyes, and slowly pulled up the habit to reveal those beautiful breasts shimmering with her laughter, 'or better still, Mr Byrd, screw me.'

I threw myself on her, and began feverishly kissing those pendulous spheres.

'But you're a nun,' I protested.



'I didn't call you, Smith. That was a sonic boom.'

'Don't be silly, Mr Byrd,' she mocked huskily, grabbing me by the balls, and guiding me inside her secret heaven.

'But what would Sister Theresa say?' I asked tremulously, feeling the liquid velvet of her pussy drawing me in firmly.

'There is no Sister Theresa.'

'What?' I asked, hardly caring now as I began to fuck her with long slow strokes.

'I'm not a nun. Kiss my nipples. Bite them.'

I did, pausing only to ask, 'But why . . .?'

'I told you. I'm a singing, dancing nun . . . rub your chin against them. Let me feel your bristles . . . Not a real nun of course. I deliver those singing telegrams that are so fashionable – some folks order a "Prince Charles", some folks prefer a singing "nun" . . .'

'Why didn't you tell me?' I withdrew from her, and began to tease her with my cock, slipping its blunt head in and out.

'I enjoyed playing the part – oooh, give me more.'

I obliged, but only a little.

'I only do it part-time anyway. I work for a film company,' she moaned. 'In wardrobe. I never get to act. Oh, touch my nipples – kiss them, lick them, suck them.'

I did as I was told, kissing and licking and sucking those rosy sweetmeats for all I was worth, her legs rising to clamp round my waist in a tight embrace, drawing me deeper and deeper into that honeyed whirlpool. Our juices mingled as I thrust into her, deeper and faster, faster and deeper, her fingernails raking my back, her cunt rising to meet each of my movements, her mouth busy nipping my neck and chest. For a second we paused, our eyes meeting, and then we were pumping away, my mouth greedily on hers, her tongue gliding in and out of my mouth to match the movements of my tool as I drove into her, and then we were both coming together in a pulsating explosion of delight.

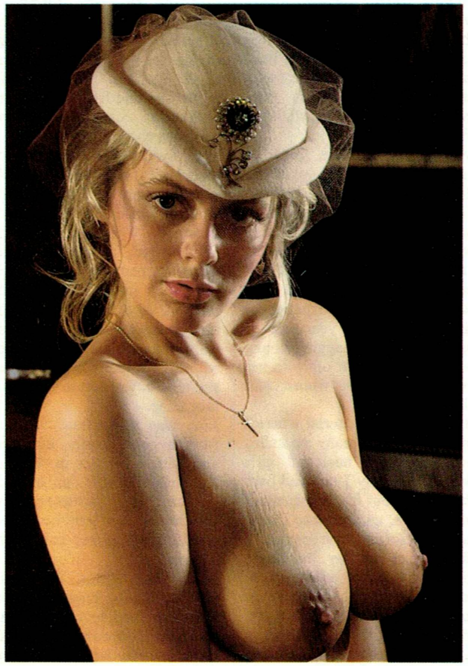
Afterwards we lay for a long time in each others' arms.

Hesitantly I asked, 'That singing telegram . . .'

'Oh,' she said with an air of lofty distraction, 'it's too late now. It was for an office party. It'll all be over now. I suppose as a nun, I'm finished . . .'

She kissed my neck, and trailed a single fingertip down to rest lightly on my shaft.

'Anyway,' she said with a grin, 'I've decided to be a polar explorer again . . .'



BIG THINGS ARE COMING

IN MAYFAIR NEXT MONTH

The Christmas issue of *Mayfair* is once again a sizzling 200-page package, distinctive with its square-backed binding and eye-catching cover. In response to fantastic demand from readers, it features specially-commissioned pictures of your favourite model, the amazingly sexy Joanne Latham, the girl above all others, whom you've asked to see. We can promise you that this edition with ten girl pictorials, and its wealth of seasonal goodies will shift fast from the shelves. Spot your copy early.

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Susanna

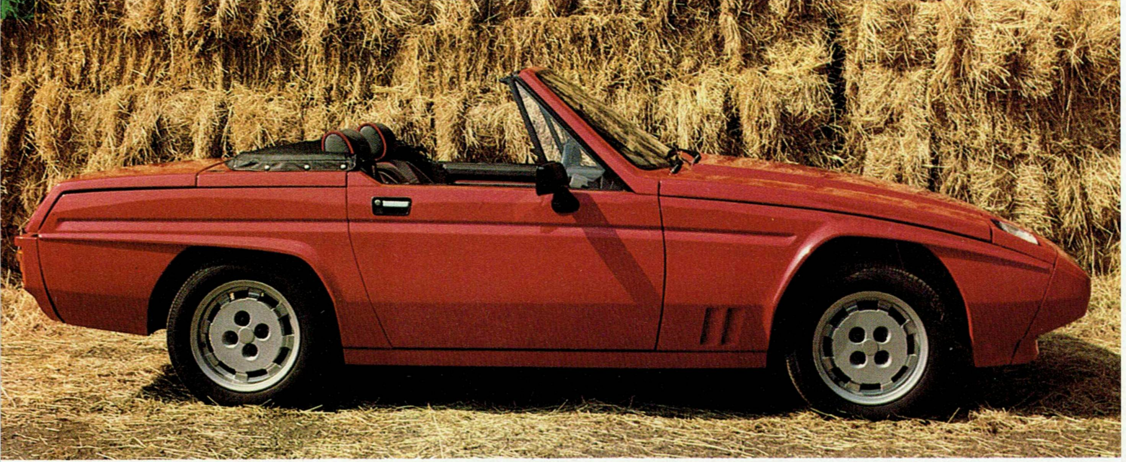
PHOTOGRAPHED BY OTTO WEISSER

Susanna Lancaster sank back into one of the huge armchairs adorning the lounge of the *York House* hotel in Eastbourne, and smiled. 'It seems odd staying in a hotel in the town I was brought up in,' she said. 'I used to walk past this place everyday on the way back from school. Now my parents have moved, I feel like just another holidaymaker.' But nostalgia doesn't often overcome the 21-year-old girl with the 36-23-36 figure. Since she moved away from the south coast, Susanna has been extremely busy running her own hairdressing and beauty parlour in Surrey. 'The fitness fad seems to have increased everyone's body awareness,' she told us. 'So business is booming. In fact, I wouldn't even be here, if it wasn't for a lady client who lives near the Winter Gardens.' Fortunately, the lady concerned is not a *Mayfair* reader. 'She's rather old fashioned, and wouldn't approve.'

Susanna's work as a beautician, or a *visagiste* as she prefers to call herself, has taken her all over the country. Her bright red Honda Civic Sport did over 20,000 miles last year with her at the wheel, and she now prides herself on her knowledge of pleasant pubs and lively clubs around Britain. 'My favourite is still *Ziggy's* club here in Eastbourne. It has just the right atmosphere,' she said. 'Exciting without being too noisy.' But doesn't life out of a suitcase get lonely? 'Quite the reverse,' she replied emphatically. 'You can have a man in every port of call, if you want. And none of them would ever know about any of the others. Not that *I* would ever take advantage like that, honest,' she grinned. However there are one or two towns in Britain that put a far-away look in Susanna's eyes, and not because of their architecture. 'You can send me to Coventry anyday,' she said.

Back home in Surrey, when she gets the time, Susanna likes to forget the world of lipstick and mascara with one of her home-made cocktails. She was given the shaker for her birthday, and since then has been adding to her collection of spirits and her repertoire. And like all the best cocktail bartenders, she has her own recipe. ' "Susanna's Sling" is known all over Croydon,' she joked. 'It's a subtle combination of gin, vodka and white rum mixed with fruit juice. Frankly, it's not for the faint-hearted.' In fact, the last man to try more than one fell into an unconscious heap on Susanna's floor. 'He was absolutely legless, though his hands were much in evidence,' she laughed. 'His last words were, "What does a beautician wear under her skirt?" He made a lunge to find out, and fell in a heap on the rug. Now he'll find out just what he missed.' And if that doesn't sober him up, nothing will.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/SUSANNA LANCASTER



The International Motor Show sees the launch of Reliant's new open-top sports car, the SS1. *Mayfair* was one of the first magazines to test drive the new model which promises to bring back some of the windswept joys to British motoring

SCIMITAR SS1

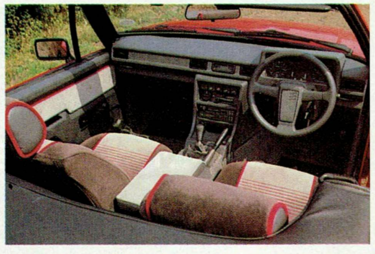
– THE DASHING YOUNG BLADE

Motoring with William Boddy/Photographed by Andrew Morland

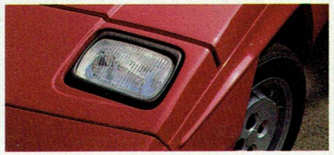
At the Motor Show in the NEC just outside Birmingham, Reliant announce their new sports-car, the Scimitar SS1. I regard this as a good thing, for more than one reason. For true enjoyment you should get out of the rut, into pastures new, accompanied by the health-giving fresh air that only an open, or openable vehicle provides. Wind in the hair, even a spattering of raindrops on the face, should not trouble the breed we once called 'motorists'. Sports-cars provide such joys, with the added bonus of crisp handling, useful acceleration, and speed. But the sports-car has for long been a diminishing type. So Reliant's new Scimitar SS1 will add zest to the motoring scene, and to motoring.

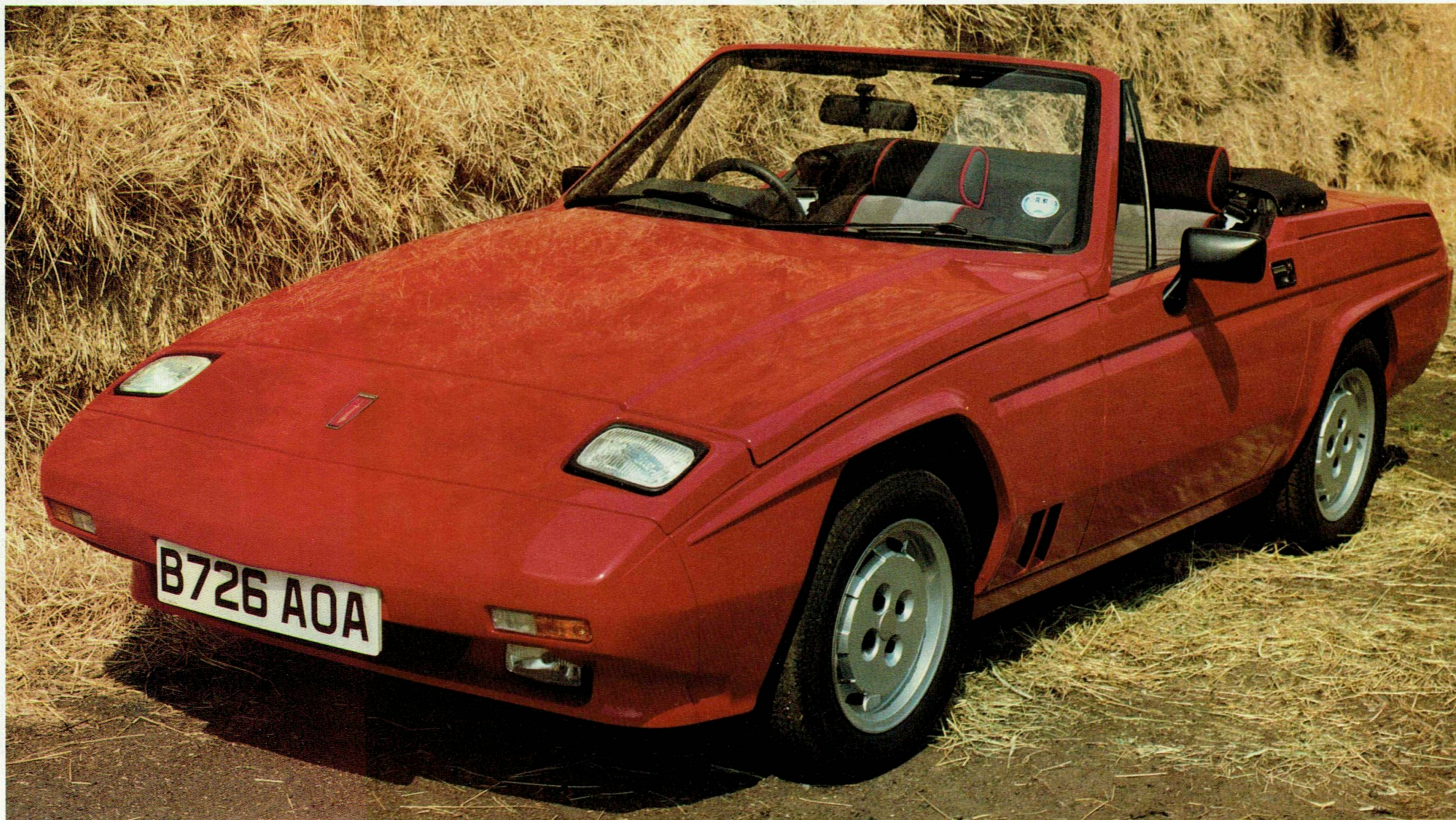
This Scimitar SS1 comes somewhere between the late-lamented MGB and the cheeky, smaller Triumph Spitfire. In its larger-engined 1,600cc form the claimed top pace is 110mph, but, more important, it is said to accelerate from rest to 60mph in ten seconds. I write 'more important' because fast pick-up can be as good an accident-preventer as efficient brakes, which the Reliant SS1 also has. Reliant of Tamworth are well-suited to making sports-cars. Ed Ormond, who directed work on their new small sports-car project from the start back in 1982, had worked previously at Triumph's in Coventry, from whence other great sports-cars, including those hairy TRs, emanated. Reliant reckon that this compact new Scimitar SS1 two-seater has slightly more power than the MGB, while weighing the same as the Spitfire, so that the urge of the

SS1-1600
B726 AOA



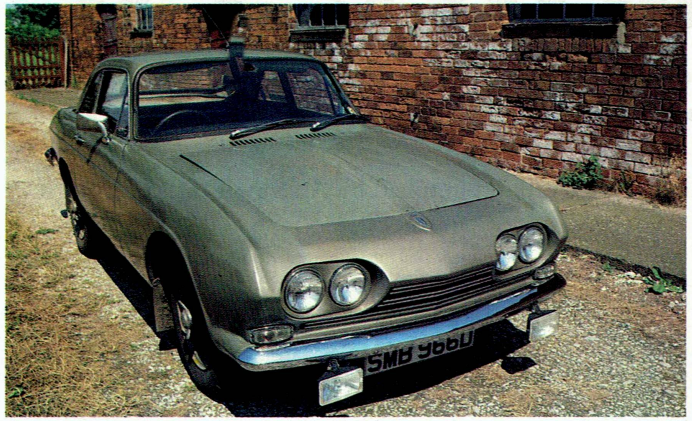
Reliant's latest model, the Scimitar SS1, which makes its debut at the Motor Show. This model has a 1,600cc Ford CVH engine with an overhead camshaft and five-speed gearbox, which give it a top speed of 110mph, and a 0-to-60 time of under ten seconds. A 1,300cc, four-speed version is also available, as is a hard-top. The 1,600cc car costs under £8,000, the 1,300cc is £1,000 cheaper.

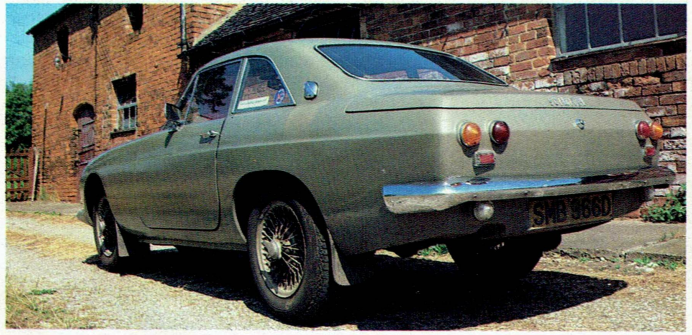


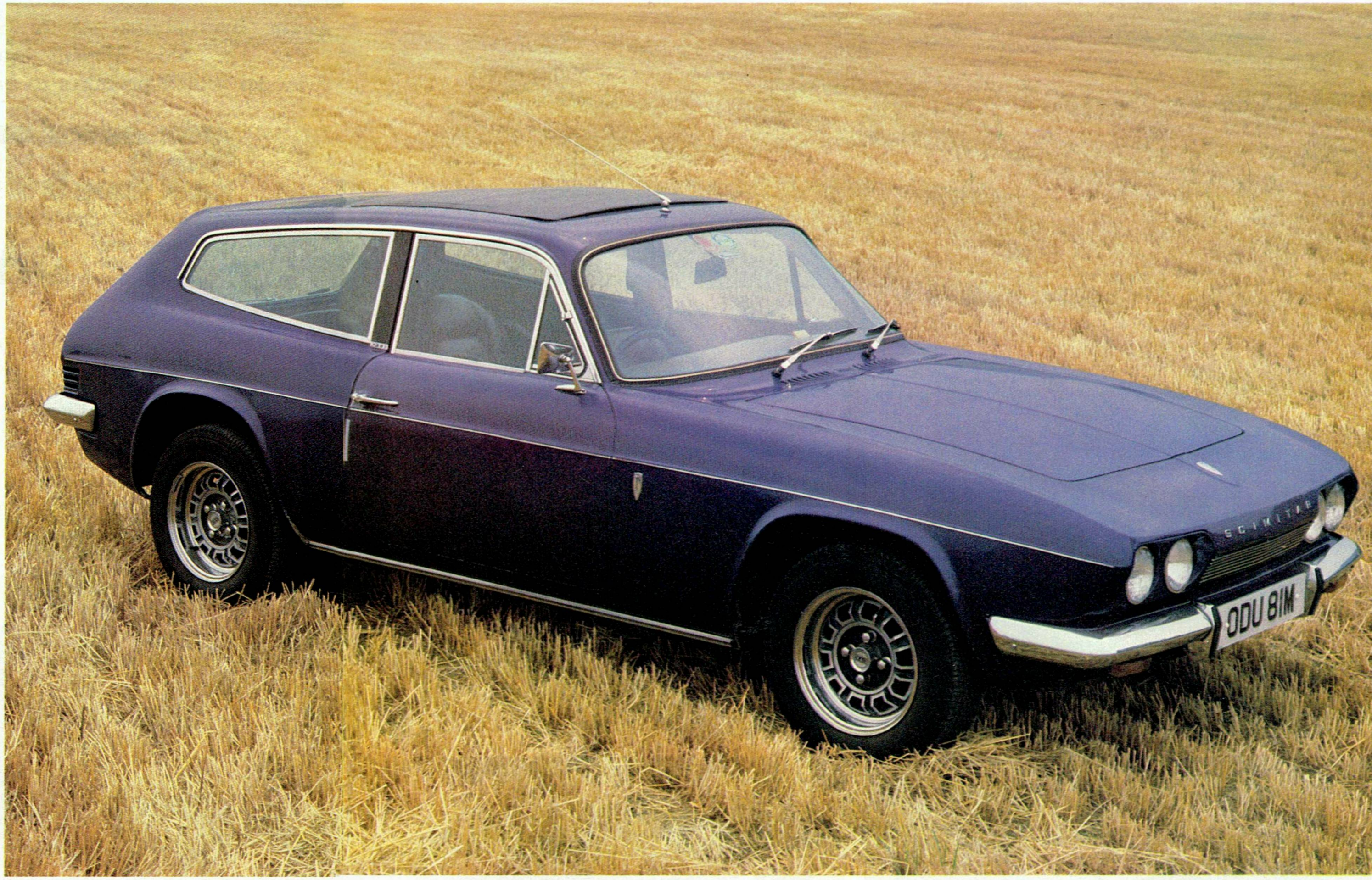


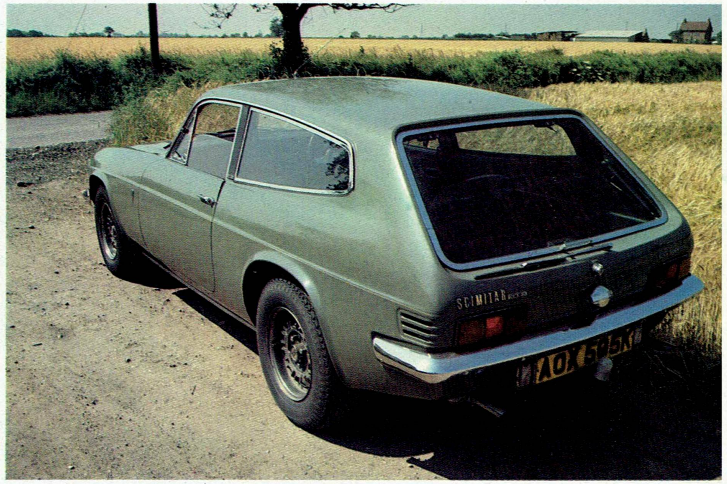
1,600 model approximates to that of the late, oft-lamented, Triumph TR7. Couple this with the better handling which fresh design-studies and the latest low-profile tyres build into a car, and this crisp Scimitar has decided promise. That is what I thought after a thrash in what I believe was the second one to be built.

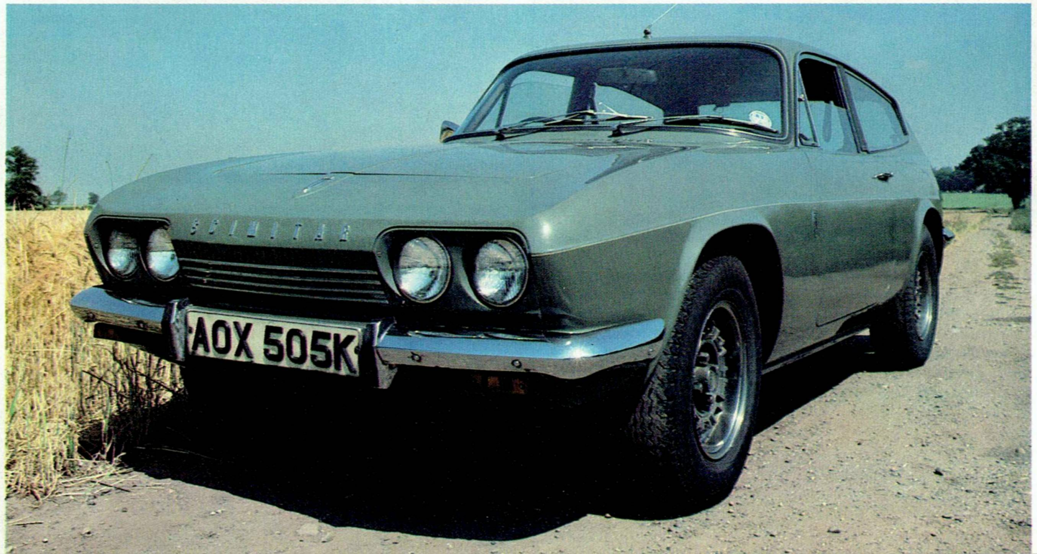
The other reason why I hail the new Reliant sports-job as a good thing is because excitingly different cars are becoming more and more rare, as badge-engineering and standardised design become the norm. The Scimitar SS1 is different in its use of a very rigid separate chassis (the old rust-defeating formula), and bodywork made of ingenious









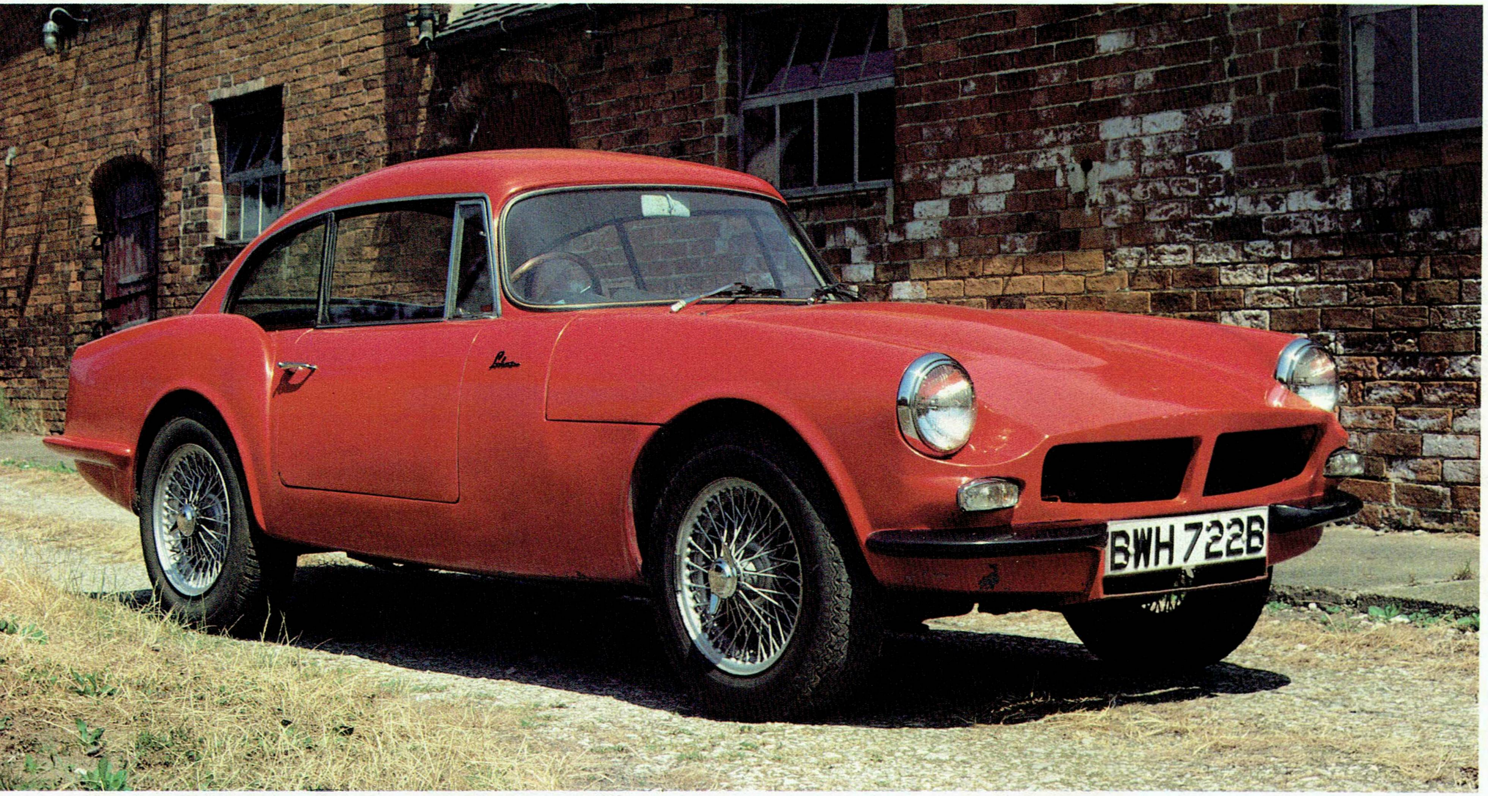


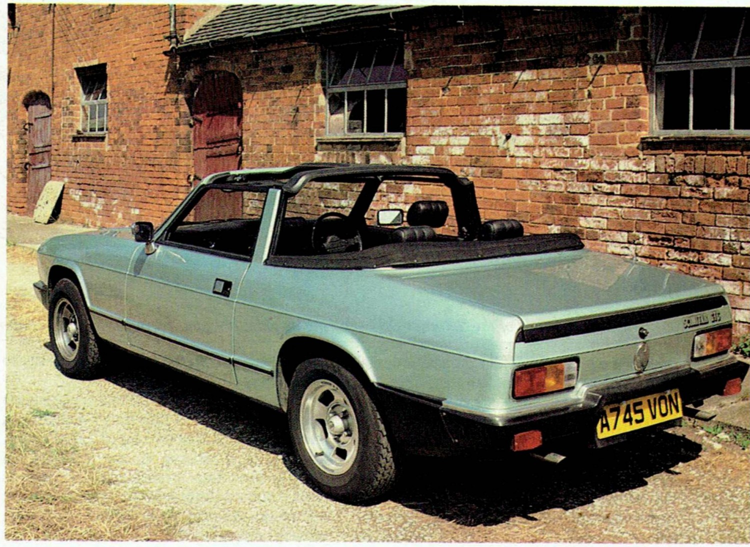
The SS1 is the latest in a long line of successful Reliants, shown here and overleaf.

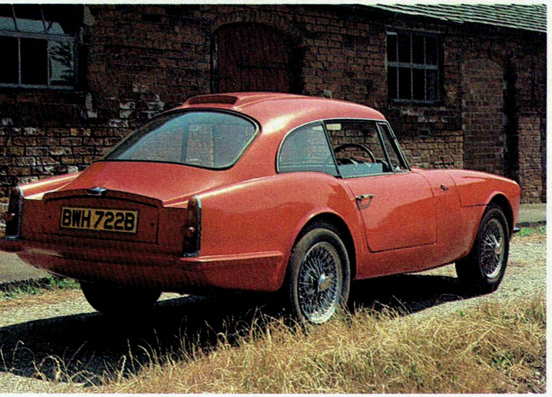
Large picture top right: One of the fastest estate cars around, the Reliant Scimitar GTE. It's six-cylinder, 3-litre engine gives the lightweight car a top speed of 123mph. Bottom right and near right: Another example of the GTE, this particular model was made in 1972. Two pictures above: Front and rear views of the earlier Scimitar, the Coupé. Introduced in 1964, this model also had a V6 3-litre engine under the bonnet. The car pictured was built in 1966.

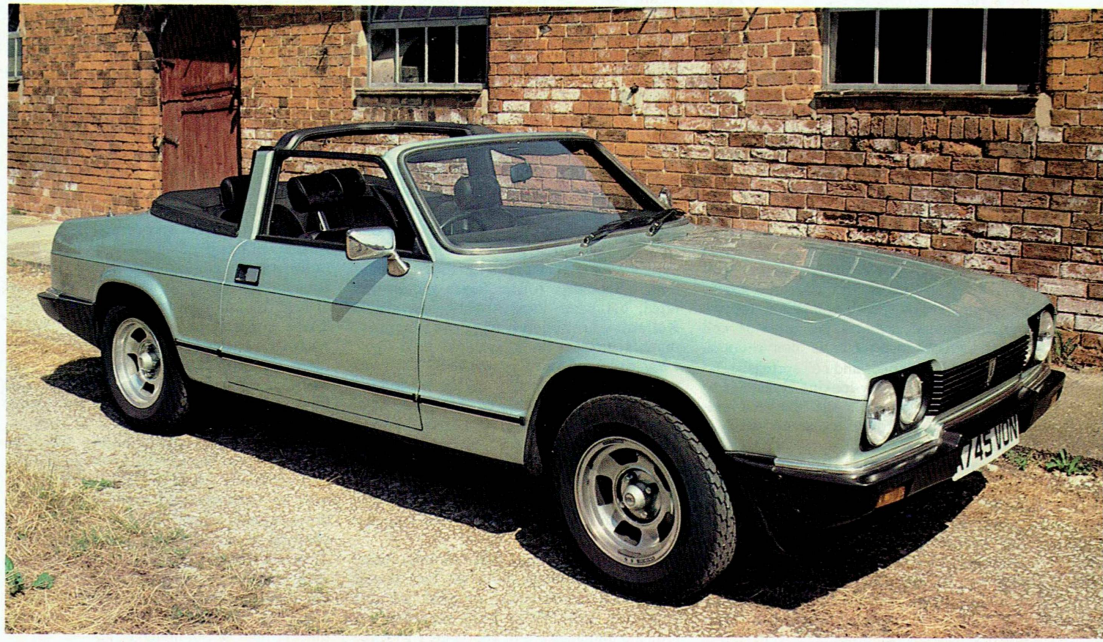
reinforced polyurethane with resin-injection mouldings. Thus the non-rust element, so attractive to those who have seen their ferrous cars fall quickly to pieces, is retained, but the new methods provide easier manufacturing processes, and more simple replacement of damaged body panels. The reinforced reaction injection mouldings (RRIM) are used for the vertical panels of the Scimitar SSI's body, the wings, nose and tail-sections. But the inner body, resting directly on the stiff chassis frame, uses the traditional glass-reinforced plastic, or GRP, moulding, about which Reliant's know more than anyone.

The RRIM polyurethane panels recover well from deformation, and, as most of them are secured with 'Tapite' self-tapping bolts, small parking-shunts need not involve the owner in costly, delaying body repairs. Where stiffer panels are needed, Reliant use their development of the VARI process, that is, sandwiches of polyester resin on a urethane core. This forms the new car's bonnet, while

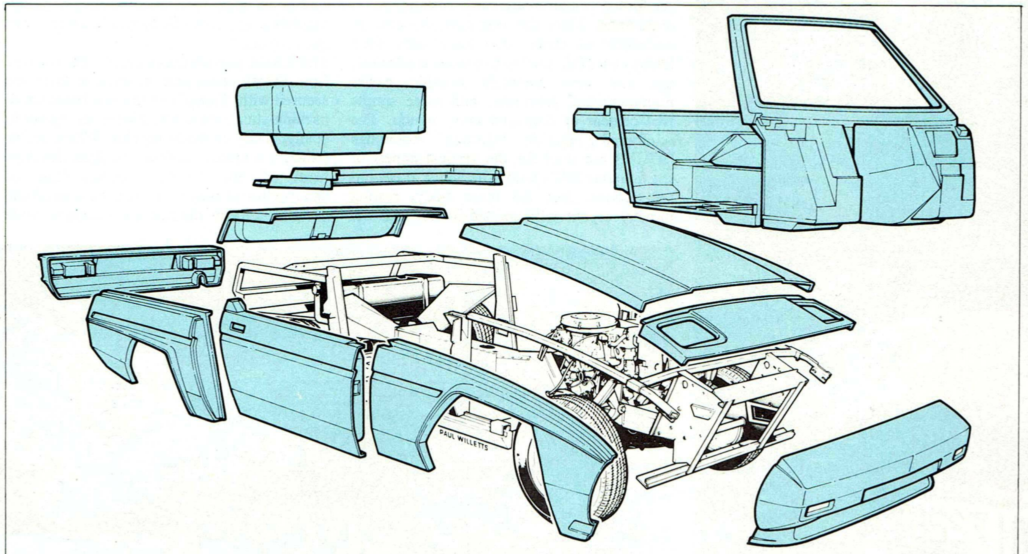








Top left and above: One of Reliant's first four-wheeled cars, the Reliant Sabre. Introduced in 1961, the Sabre first appeared with a 1.7-litre, then a 2.5-litre engine which gave it a top speed of 107mph. This model dates from 1964. Two pictures near right: Another Sabre, this time Don Pither of Scimpart's 1963 Six'. Top and bottom right: Two views of a 1984 GTC, Reliant's soft-top version of the GTE with a 2.8-litre motor, which will be sold alongside the SS1.



An exploded view of the Scimitar SS1 showing its glass fibre panels including the re-inforced injection-moulded bumpers and wings.

the boot-lid is of a cold-pressed mineral, reinforced with resin-coated glass-fibre mat, in a gel-coated mould – light but very stiff.

If you had been to Tamworth in the Midlands, as I have, and seen it all, you would sense the infectious enthusiasm for the new car that emanates from everyone including managing director Ritchie Spencer, and appreciate why this is an excitingly 'different' motor-car. Reliant's went to Michelotti for the styling – it reminds me faintly of Fiat's XR/9 – and powered this rear-wheel-drive 84 inch wheelbase sports-model with a Ford engine. The well-tried 1,300 and 1,600 Bridgend-built four-cylinder Escort overhead-camshaft CVH power-packs, driving through a Ford transmission-line, do very nicely, poking out 51 and 71 DIN bhp respectively at 6,000 rpm. You get a nice, easy-change Ford five-speed gearbox into the bargain on the 1,600, and Reliant stop their fast new SS1 with 8.9 inch disc, 8 inch drum brakes. There is much of interest in their chassis too, which has a fabricated centre tunnel, and front and rear steel 'armatures' to carry the aforesaid body-panelling. The suspension medium for the rubber-mounted semi-trailing arms is coil spring. Front suspension is conventional, with double wishbones and coil springs.

To go out in this racy-looking Reliant is to go back to the sports-car age. The rack-and-pinion steering, through the small wheel, is quick and positive – 2.9 turns lock-to-lock. The gear lever 'falls to the left hand', as they used to say, the brakes anchor very well indeed, and I was impressed with the roll-free cornering. There is a laminated windscreen. The 'cockpit' is tight but comfortable, with ample room for the needs, say, of a sporting chap and his girl. The 1,600 job comes with tinted glass, and various options are available, such as remotely-controlled door mirrors, electric windows and a hard-top. The halogen headlamps retract electrically to reduce drag.

I would expect a very good fuel consumption figures from this 153 inch long 1,850 lb. car, which will be built at the rate of 2,000 a year. Looking at it, driving it, one feels the fun coming back into motoring. If the price is right it should instill new life into the Reliant company. As this is a *British* company, already supplying the less-wealthy with the Rialto (formerly the Robin) three-wheeler, and executives with the plush 2.8-litre V6 Ford engineered Scimitars, that will be another pleasing off-shoot of Ritchie Spencer's love-affair with the pure sports two-seater. As I write, it was hoped to sell the 1,300 SS1 for no more than £7,000, the 1,600 for under £8,000. Both have an unlimited-mileage, twelve-month warranty. UK production is scheduled for next spring.

Reliant are an interesting part of motoring history. They began quite humbly, in 1952, making what had been the Raleigh three-wheeler. From that has stemmed the company's long association with tricars. For a time a modified Austin Seven motor was fitted, but when these became unavailable Reliant branched out as engine-manufacturers with a splendid little light-alloy overhead-valve power unit. This was used until very recently in the brisk little Reliant Kitten four-wheeler, and is still raced by members of the 750 (Austin Seven) Motor Club in their circuit-devouring specials. To the regret of many, Reliant found they could not make the Kitten price-competitive with the Mini, Mini-Metro, and the like, so it was discontinued not long ago – though I still have mine!

All the while the Tamworth folk were learning more and more about the best use of fibre-glass, which they adopted for car bodywork from 1956. They branched out into the manufacture of sports-cars with the Sabre in 1962. It was endowed with more than adequate performance for its road-holding prowess, from the Ford Consul and later the six-cylinder Ford Zephyr power-unit. For enthusiasts, the old Reliant Sabre has become a bit of an 'in-thing' in classic-car circles, its handling suitably improved, where it is a very quick motor indeed.

Reliant's big breakthrough, from the high-performance point of view, came in 1968 when they introduced the Scimitar GT Estate, or 'businessman's express', to borrow a Bristol slogan. This is a smooth, good-looking confection, light because of its no-rust glass-fibre body, with fine performance from (in 1972), a 3-litre V6 Ford 135 bhp power-pack. In fact this was the fore-runner of today's popular hatchbacks. Along the years the Reliant Scimitar has been improved in various ways – a longer wheelbase in 1976, a revised body by 1980, and so on. Still made for the discerning buyer today, I have known and liked many versions of this big Scimitar. You drive them rather snugly, elbows-in, with the girlfriend seeming far away as the front seats are divided by an impressive central console. There is a sort of refined smooth kind of running, a sense of luxury and comfort about these V6 Scimitars which is hard to beat. They are offered in 1984 at £11,990 in GTE form or as the GTC Convertible at the same price. Automatic transmission is £220 extra.

Reliant are a versatile, ambitious firm. One wishes the new Scimitar SS1 well. I can see a two-car family, using a Rialto three-wheeler with its economy and reduced tax as the shopping-car, and blowing away the cobwebs at weekends in a Scimitar SSI. And if, in the latter context, the lady enquires what happens should it rain, just tell her that the hood, say Reliant, can be fully erected in less than 30 seconds, which is probably quicker than *he* can manage!

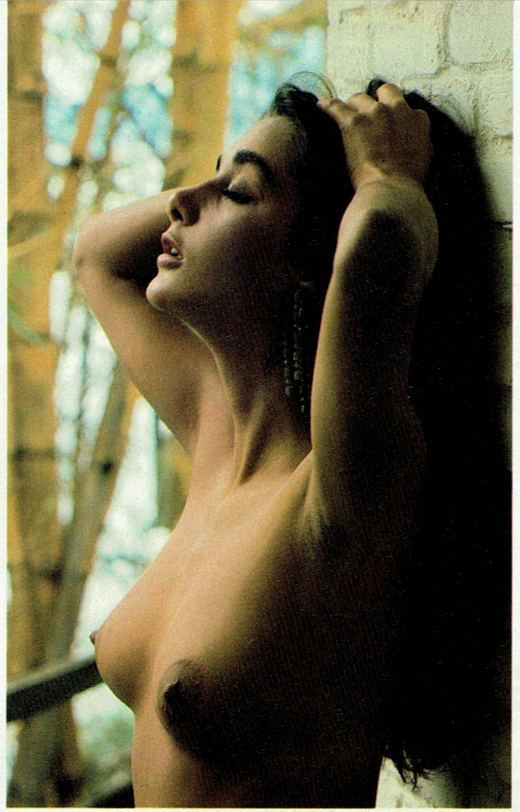
CARDINAL
GIVE IT A LARGE GORDON'S
SHAKE WELL
THROW IN ICE
SMACK OF CAMPARI
TWIST OF LEMON
GENEROUS DASH OF VERMOUTH
ADLER
CARDINAL CARDINA
IT'S GOT TO BE GORDON'S

Rosemary

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Mayfair's photographers scour the world to find the most stunning girls. To get these pictures, Siwer Ohlsson told us that he had to machete his way through the Brazilian jungle, fighting off anacondas and tarantulas, until he reached a small wooden hut. There he was greeted by a 21-year-old beauty with a 34-23-34 figure. 'Dr Livingstone, I presume,' she said with a laugh, and what was instantly recognisable as an accent from England's north east. Her name was Rosemary Jenkins, and as soon as she returned we rang her to ask just what a girl from Middlesbrough was doing in the South American jungle. 'I was invited out there to model for a calendar,' she told us, 'and when the guy from *Mayfair* turned up, it was too good an opportunity to miss.' But Rosemary admits that she is much more at home in Britain.

Before modelling played a part in her life, Rosemary used to demonstrate used cars for a motor dealer near Stockton. 'For some reason men used to get quite excited when I suggested we should go for a run,' she told us. 'One customer even tried to pull the "We've run out of petrol" bit. He'd forgotten it wasn't his car. Mind you, it soon was.' Despite her Brazilian trip, and having Italian relatives on one branch of her family tree, Rosemary is not keen on exotic foreign locations. 'Your photographer wasn't exaggerating about the snakes and spiders,' she said, shivering at the memory of them, 'though he probably didn't tell you that he was even more scared than I was.' Rosemary wasn't keen on the food either. 'Give me Stockton's fish and chips any day,' she said. 'Only without the salt and vinegar – I'm on a diet.'



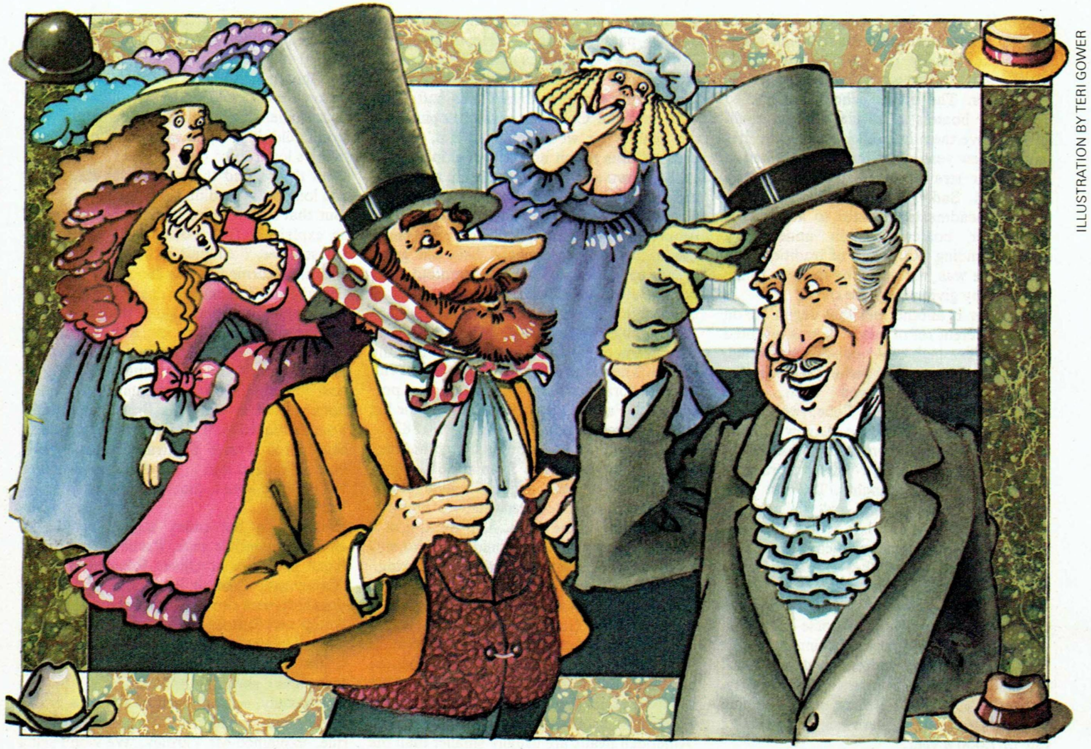


ILLUSTRATION BY TERI GOWER

HEADS YOU WIN WITH A HAT

The British 'titfer' has had its ups and downs but today our top hatters are brimming with confidence

Humour by Paul Keers

Off the top of my head, I would have said that the gentleman's hat was suffering from a distinct lack of popularity. After decades of being raised, hats have passed their peak, you might say, for everyday wear.

Yet at Ascot, the topper still tops the most distinguished heads. The straw boater always dominates Henley. At most race meetings, the brown felt hat is still very much in evidence. And *Lock's*, the distinguished St James's hatters, assure me that trade is picking up again. 'If you'd come to us ten years ago, we would have been very depressed,' said their Mr Yardley. 'But business has been increasing slowly over the past two or three years, and now we're very happy.' So the great British tradition of gentlemen's hats now seems unlikely to die.

One of those traditions began on January 15, 1797, when the very first top hat was worn by John Hetherington, a hatmaker in The Strand. The date is recorded so precisely because, on that great occasion, four women fainted, passers-by booed, and a boy broke his arm in the excitement. Hetherington was arrested, and he was charged with causing a breach of the peace, 'by appearing on the public highway while wearing upon his head a silk hat, a tall structure having a shiny lustre calculated to alarm timid people.'

Hetherington was bound over in the sum of £500 not to repeat the offence. But this decision was obviously, in more ways than one, over the top. In fact, the topper became so popular that there was once a law requiring all shop blinds to be at least eight feet from the pavement, to allow all top hat wearers to pass underneath.

And soon the topper had become a part of British tradition. It was adopted by Etonians after the death of King George III, when the boys were instructed to wear one at the funeral service, and the fashion remained. 'The top hat is not only useful as an ornamental form of tin helmet,' recorded the *Eton Chronicle*. 'It makes an excellent football. It carries eggs, ink, strawberries or ice cream equally efficiently – though it is risky to carry ices too long in the summer.' Edward Fitzgerald, the 19th century poet who translated Omar Khayyam, turned his into a container for his pipe, tobacco and books. And to make sure they kept in place, he tied the hat to his head with a handkerchief.

But the topper has undergone a sad decline. Silk top hats died the death in the late 1970s, when the French manufacturers ceased production of the vital silk plush. Instead, hatters are forced to use a felt velour, which to most people is indistinguishable from the real thing. The only difference now is between a 'pullover' – grey fur felt pulled over a gossamer frame – and a common, machine made 'drab shell'. And most of those made now tend to be the latter, if only because there are few people prepared to toss the expensive ones into the Ascot air if the Queen has a winner.

There seems to be something of a boom, however, in chaps who want to look the toff on their wedding day, and more and more ceremonies are taking part with men in morning dress. Perhaps that will keep the traditional skills of making top hats alive, until fashion turns back in its favour.

But it's also interesting to note how many of the hats that we associate with successful and upper-class men actually had their origins further down the social scale. The straw hat, for example, began life with butchers, who needed a light, cool hat which would protect their head from dripping blood. Yet the most famous 'strats' have become those worn at posh riverside occasions, like Henley or the Oxford Eights Week, and those worn by the boys at Winchester. The public schoolboys had to wear their boaters to all classes, and could only remove them in chapel, and on the first day of a new year, when the new boys had to carry their straw hats in order to identify themselves. Sadly, it was only this spring that the headmaster decided to abolish the Winchester boaters as an unnecessary expense, ending 600 years of tradition. But perhaps he was just returning the hats to the butchers, by giving them the chop?

The bowler is another hat that began life on a very different set of heads. It was invented in 1850, when high-crowned silk toppers and beaver hats were all the fashion. *Lock's*, distinguished hatters even then, were approached by William Coke, who commissioned them to create a new, lower-crowned and rather more durable hat for his gamekeepers, that would be more practical under low-hanging branches. The new hard hats, made of rabbit skin and shellac, only became known as bowlers when a firm of that name started making them. Originally, they were known as Cokes – and in *Lock's* they are still called Cokes to this day.

But the early bowlers, as intended, were worn almost exclusively by horse-riders and hunters. It was only at the beginning of this century that stockbrokers and the legal profession began wearing them into the City. Between the wars, the place was brimming with bowlers, which were being made at a rate of 7,000 a year.

But despite a brief resurgence of interest when Oddjob began hurling his steel number around in the James Bond films, the bowler has been rapidly disappearing. Five years ago, the civil service issued a gleeful press release, claiming that one of their staff had found it impossible to find a single bowler among his colleagues, when he wanted to borrow one for a charity event. 'Another Whitehall myth is buried,' they proclaimed.

And at about the same time, a memo from the Regimental Adjutant of the Irish Guards discontinued the rule that officers had to wear bowler hats when appearing in mufti. 'Officers in bowler hats,' the memo sadly recorded, 'have become objects of ridicule in the eyes of tourists.' If the Guards can't stand up to foreign heathen, what hope is there for the rest of us?

The memo went on, however, to remind officers that they were still expected to wear some kind of hat in London. It should be 'of a restrained and sober pattern, without unduly wide brim or broad ribbons.

'Officers sporting Tyrolean ropes, shaving brushes, feathers or other extravagant decorations will incur the wrath of the Regimental Lieutenant-Colonel.'

It's true, however, that the bowler did incur particular ridicule from foreigners. The French called them 'melons', the Spanish dubbed them 'hongo' – a form of fungus – and the Dutch termed them 'idiot domes'.

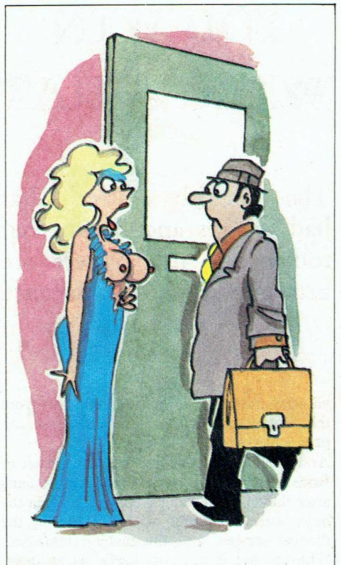
But that just makes it all the more irksome that we seem to accept the ridiculous creations which pass for hats in other countries. Versions of JR's stetson, for example, which seem to be worn by every other American oilman passing through Heathrow. This particularly ostentatious number was created at the same time as the bowler by John B Stetson, the son of a Philadelphia hatter. He went into the Colorado plains, hoping that the healthy air would help his TB, and he designed this rabbit and beaver-skin hat, tall in the crown and wide in the brim, to protect him from the wind and cold, and keep off the sun and rain. And the style was adopted by people like the Texas Rangers, who could use it to fan up campfires, beat out grass fires, slap cattle into line, and blindfold stubborn horses. All of which makes it ideal, of course, for a board meeting with JR . . .

And don't be misled into giving the Americans credit for that 'gangster' hat, the fedora. The name actually comes from Princess Fedora Romanoff, a character portrayed by Fanny Davenport, who wore the hat in a play produced in *this* country in 1883.

But a Panama hat did originally come from Panama. It was made from a soft, South American reed, and a good quality model was actually made underwater, to preserve the silky feel of the reeds. And the test of a good one was whether it could be folded sufficiently to be pulled through a wedding ring.

Wherever a hat is made, though, it can look its best on a British head. 'British heads are the opposite of German heads.' explains one hat maker, 'which tend to be squarish in front, and pointed at the back. The Japanese have little round heads, Scots have little long heads.' Fascinating stuff. Unfortunatley this analysis is spoilt by the final comparison. 'American heads are usually smaller than the British,' he claims, which is obviously wrong since everything is bigger in America, particularly heads.

But why, if the British are such natural and traditional hat wearers, has there been a decline? One hatter blamed the post-war Whitehall demob hat. 'It was an awful thing,' he said sadly.



'Well if you didn't come home last night, who's that in the bedroom?'

But the eminent Mr Yardley of *Lock's* has his own theories. 'Two things killed off hats,' he told me. 'The first was the design of cars. You couldn't possible wear most hats inside today's low-roofed cars.

'And the second thing was long hair. Hats and long hair just didn't go together.

'But that's why we're more optimistic now,' he explained. 'The younger generation has got smarter, their hair has got shorter, and hats are returning as a fashion item.'

Dunn's, the nationwide chain of traditional gentlemen's outfitters, agree that demand is picking up again. 'We get a lot of call for tweed trilbys and deerstalkers in particular,' they told me. 'And the younger element are now wearing the brimmed hats a lot.'

Lock's itself is almost a British institution. Founded in 1676, it is still a family firm, and has hatted Frank Sinatra, Gregory Peck, Pierre Trudeau and . . . 'well we have to be a bit careful about the Royals,' smiled Mr Yardley.

Choosing a hat today strikes me as an almost impossible task. Particularly when I recall the lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes, 'Virtue may flourish in an old cravat. But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.'

And it was Surtees, back in the 19th century, who declared that 'No one knows how ungentlemanly he can look, until he has seen himself in a shocking bad hat.'

Fortunately, one can turn to a company like *Lock's* with confidence. 'We have one strong rule,' explained Mr Yardley. 'We won't sell a customer a hat that doesn't do him credit.

'If a customer came to us for the first time, I would ask him what he wanted the hat *for*. If it was for business and smarter wear, the felt hat is the one. We have about 18 different shapes most in more than one colour.

'And if he wanted a hat for more general use, then I would suggest a tweed hat, of which we have 12 different shapes.

'The tweeds are cheaper, of course, at £21 to £24 for a hat, or £16 for a cap. Don't forget the cap – some of our best customers are barrow boys. And a good, smart felt hat for business will cost between £33 and £48.'

The idea of wearing a hat to work may seem a bit flash, but in *Lock's* or the other two St James's hatters – *Herbert Johnson* and *Bates* – you will find both the advice and the styles to leave you brimming with confidence. *Dunn's* can also provide smart felt hats at around £20. And don't worry about looking silly or losing your job. A writer in the New York Times said once that 'The rush of power to the head is not as becoming as a new hat.' And in 1981, an industrial tribunal decided that a building company had unfairly dismissed a man for arriving at work wearing a hat. And *he* had a trilby with a six inch replica of Kermit the Frog on top!

The man who wears a hat is being regarded more and more as a stylish individualist. A hat is the difference between being dressed and being dressed up – and the man who is dressed distinctively is well on the way to becoming a man of distinction. The old slogan is possibly truer now than ever before: If you want to get ahead, get a hat.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Sixteen

Sharing a secret about your sex life may appear harmless but often leads to unexpected betrayals. This month Quest meets three people who have benefitted from, or been the victim of, a Judas confession

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

TRAINING OFFICER, 28 years old, dark haired, town of origin Glasgow

This interviewee worked as a clerk after leaving school but later resumed her education, obtaining a Higher National Diploma in business studies. She is married, and works for an insurance company.

Quest: How trustful would you say you are in your marriage?

Training officer: Oh totally – up to a point!

Quest: Isn't that hedging your bets?

Training officer: I don't think so. I trust Alec. It's other women I'm not so sure about.

Quest: All other women?

Training officer: All attractive ones.

Quest: Including your close friends?

Training officer: They can be the worst.

Quest: Has Alec ever strayed in that direction, then?

Training officer: Alec hasn't. *I* have. That's how I got him, to be honest.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Training officer: I stole Alec from a very good friend of mine. I know you can't really *steal* a person's affections. There's got to be some feeling on their side already. But I did play a pretty sneaky trick.

Quest: Go on.

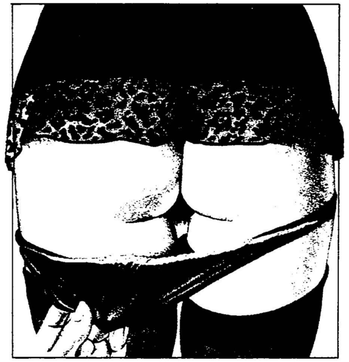
Training officer: Suzy, Alec's big flame before me, was my sort of bosom chum on the HND course. Alec used to work at Suzy's company – she was on a block release scheme like me – and we both saw him first one day when we were having lunch together in Suzy's office canteen. We thought he was gorgeous. The next thing I knew she was going out with him, giving me blow by blow accounts – literally sometimes!

Quest: That made you jealous?

Training officer: Envious, because he was such a good-looking man. I didn't really know Alec well enough as a person to be jealous. But as I got to I began to fancy him quite seriously. I think – in fact I'm sure – I would have just told myself not to be silly if I hadn't got a very strong feeling he was interested in me too. Not enough to *do* anything, because he was sleeping with Suzy.

Quest: What changed that situation?

Training officer: I think the turning point was when Suzy told me this favourite



fantasy he'd confessed to her. I was really surprised. Alec gives the impression of being a bit staid – not exactly a slavering beastie where women are concerned.

Quest: What was this fantasy?

Training officer: He wanted to go to bed with Suzy and I together.

Quest: And that impressed you?

Training officer: Yes it did. For a start it showed he was interested in me in that way, and I even thought it might be a kind of subtle, roundabout way of letting me know through Suzy! But it made Alec much more interesting.

Quest: Because you thought he might invite you to join him and Suzy in bed?

Training officer: Oh no! Suzy only told me about it as a kind of naughty joke. *I* thought about it, like you think about a lot of things, but not in any serious way. The trouble was, I gave Alec a different impression.

Quest: How did you manage that?

Training officer: Suzy started it in a way. We were all at a party, slumped on the same sofa, with Alec in the middle, and Suzy made some remark about what a lovely threesome we made – we were all a bit drunk – and Suzy and I exploded with laughter. Poor old Alec didn't know what was happening – Suzy obviously hadn't told him I knew his fantasy. That just sort of introduced the idea between us. Then a couple of weeks later everything happened.

Quest: What do you mean by everything?

Training officer: With Alec and I. It wasn't planned or anything, but I'm sure it would have happened anyway. He and Suzy were going off on a long weekend, and they wanted to catch a really early train. My bedsit was near the station, so I offered to let them stay the night. Anyway, the day before, Suzy was coming back from a visit to her parents down in Yorkshire. But when I got in that evening there was a telegram saying she wouldn't be back till early next morning. I didn't have a phone but I could probably have got hold of Alec at his digs, or left a message. But I didn't.

Quest: So what happened?

Training officer: Alec turned up at my place expecting to meet Suzy there, but there was just little me. He insists I seduced him, but in my book no one can be seduced who doesn't want to be, deep down. I told him I'd prepared a meal for three, so he might as well share it with me – plus a bottle of wine. Halfway through he started asking if there would really have been enough room for Suzy and he. So I made some remark about us all squeezing into the double bed, if it came to the crunch. And suddenly we were talking about threesomes.

Quest: How seriously?

Training officer: Oh, it was a joke, but I could tell he was interested in knowing what I really felt. So I told him it might be a turn-on, but only with people I knew well.

Quest: How did he react to that?

Training officer: He was shocked! He obviously had this awful suspicion that it was the kind of thing I did every other weekend. I nearly burst out laughing, but I didn't dare give up the advantage I'd got. So I asked, very casually, if he and Suzy had ever done anything like that. Poor old Alec! He went bright red, stammered something like 'Not exactly', and then asked why I asked. 'Oh,' I said airily, 'Suzy mentioned something about it.' Which was strictly true, though not in the way *he* meant. His face was a picture. I couldn't help laughing then. 'I don't think she was inviting *me,* Alec,' I said. 'She knows I'd never do that with someone I hadn't made love to before. I would be much too self-conscious.'

Quest: In short, 'Come to bed with me, and all your fantasies will come true'?

Training officer: Well, *I* didn't say that. But I did notice that Alec had an erection. He kept sitting at the table for ages when I'd asked him to fold it up and put it away. It would have been quite funny if I hadn't been so worried that he'd just get up and go.

> 'I knew I was being a bit naughty but something snapped. When he kissed my nipples, I went wild'

Quest: But he didn't?

Training officer: No. That's how I knew he wanted me to.

Quest: Who made the first move?

Training officer: I suppose I did, I said he might as well stay as planned, and meet Suzy off the train in the morning. And before he answered I told him where I kept the spare blankets and pillows. I was really quite bossy, but Alec likes that. Then while I changed into my nightie in the bathroom down the corridor he made up his blankets on the carpet. I came back and found him in his underpants and shirt.

Quest: Did you expect him to leap on you?

Training officer: It would have made life much easier! I was very nervous by then. I knew I was being naughty. When I saw Alec's face again I knew he was thinking exactly the same. So I just took off my dressing gown, and climbed into bed – my nightie wasn't anything outrageously sexy, by the way – and asked Alec to turn out the sidelight, which was all that was left on. He was just in his underpants by then, and his body looked marvellous in the dim light. It must have been so obvious what I was thinking, and I really thought he'd come back, and get straight in beside me. But I heard him lie down on the floor again. Then there was one of those long agonising silences when you both just lie there listening to each other, pretending you're not. In the end I couldn't stand it any longer. I blurted out, 'Oh this is stupid, Alec. That floor's like concrete. There's more than enough room in this bed.'

Quest: And he responded?

Training officer: He got in beside me. Obviously still quite uncomfortable about it: he lay curled up with his back to me. I was going through agonies. I wanted him to touch me! Then, when I really thought he'd gone to sleep, he said, 'Were you serious earlier when you were talking about going to bed with Suzy and me?' I said, 'I don't know, Alec. No one's asked me.' And that's when he turned over . . .

Quest: He made a pass?

Training officer: He brought his hand up to my face in the dark, and kissed me quite softly. I just held my breath. It could still have been only a goodnight peck. Then I felt him against my thigh – a great hot stiffness, pressing into my nightie. 'You know I've always fancied you,' he whispered. His hand moved down onto my breast, cupping it through the material. He was shaking like a leaf! I just couldn't believe, even after all that, that it was actually going to happen. 'Do you think Suzy would understand?' he said. 'Oh Alec,' I said, and I reached down and felt his thigh, and his pants had pulled almost off; he was such a hard, strong weight. I moved my hand just a little way in front of him, and it was like touching a hot rolling pin. He felt absolutely gigantic. I had this sudden vision of Suzy – who was only a tiny little thing – moaning and groaning and struggling to take such a massive erection. And something seemed to snap in both of us. Alec was pulling up my nightie, fastening his lips on my nipples, rolling my breasts in his hands. It was so goregous I went right out of my head. I was gasping at him, 'Alec – oh Alec – touch me – kiss me – hold me – please! Oh Alec – fuck me – fuck me!' I'm not usually that explicit!

Quest: Presumably he obliged you?

Training officer: He certainly did. In fact so marvellously I practically had to pull him on top of me. He licked right down my body from my boobs into my crack, and he was doing such incredible things to my clit I was afraid he'd make me come. I only wanted that when he was inside me. Then he climbed between my legs, and eased that monstrous *thing* into my hole so deep I swear I could feel it in my throat. And he began to hump me, and as my climax started he groaned, and I felt his cock jump and spurt and flood my insides. He really did flood me too. I've never known anyone as prolific as Alec in that way – not that I'm an expert.

Quest: And no guilty feelings afterwards?

Training officer: Oh God! They say you pay for everything eventually. It was a very awkard situation. I would honestly have just backed away if Alec had decided to treat it as a one-off. But he didn't. I'm sure Suzy still regards me as a deadly enemy. I wouldn't say I was particularly proud of myself, but I am very proud of Alec.

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 2

CHEMICAL ENGINEER, 31 years old, town of origin Rochdale

This male interviewee joined a large industrial concern after leaving university, and has remained with the same firm ever since. He married five years ago.

Quest: Do you think you can have too much inside knowledge in a relationship?

Engineer: If you are outside that relationship you can cause mischief for the people in it, yes. But for the actual partners, no.

Quest: You're speaking from experience?

Engineer: Yes I am. I ruined one close relationship which might have survived if I'd been more open, and I nearly ruined another.

Quest: What went wrong with the first?

Engineer: I was just a bit thick with women, to be brutally honest. I did screw four or five women. But I had what my wife calls my 'northern sexual mentality'. According to her, it means you divide women into two kinds – scrubbers and madonnas. The madonnas are the steady girlfriends, the ones you marry. You do screw them, but only after the right amount of courting. The scrubbers are for when you've got a bit of a rand on, and you fancy a quick bash. Most of my conquests were those, and I got myself into a few messes with some misplaced 'inside knowledge' there, too.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Engineer: There's one good example. I was at a rugby club do, once, and I got off with a girl who was basically the club bike. A ride for everyone, or that was the word, anyway. She was averagely pretty but she had absolutely fabulous tits. Outwardly very prim, but once you'd pushed a bit all hell was supposed to break loose, not to mention those tits. I'd had a few, and I persuaded her to come round the back of the club hut where there were some trees and shrubs. We started snogging up against a tree trunk, and I managed to get her party gown unzipped and her bra undone, and was treating myself to what felt like a very generous handful. She seemed to be enjoying it as much as I was by the sighs and moans, so I decided to put things on a more horizontal footing. That was when the trouble started.

Quest: She wouldn't have sex with you?

Engineer: She made what I regarded as the usual objections. She wasn't that sort of girl, she didn't know me well enough, she didn't want to get her dress all mucky. Then she said, 'You'll just have to make do with this.' The next thing I knew she was unzipping me, slipping her hand inside, and squatting down.

Quest: She fellated you?

Engineer: Beautifully. Long, slow, gradual sucks from my balls to the tip, little flickers of the tongue round the gland then taking me to the back of her throat. But I blew it – if you'll forgive the expression.

Quest: How?

Engineer: I could feel the old sap rising, and so could she. She started tonguing me harder than ever, and giving my shaft firmer and firmer strokes with her hand. If I'd been sober I'd have shot off long before, but because I could hang on I decided I had to finish off properly. That's when I found that her 'no' really meant 'no!' And I got annoyed. I happened to know that she had been in much the same situation with the club captain, who was a good friend of mine, the week before. So like a fool I made the classic complaint: why don't you do it with me if you did it with him? I don't know if you've ever been kneed in the goolies at the exact moment you're shooting your load but I can recommend it for removing ear wax.

> ❛She took me between her lips. This is what Helen likes, she said, showing me her favourite positions❜

Quest: How did your first serious relationship relate to this?

Engineer: Karen was my madonna-type. Quite a pretty girl, but sex was really something you got over and done with as soon as possible. Not that we actually did it before we moved into a flat together. Then as soon as it became regularly available we both sort of lost interest. I think the blame was about even in the end. She always seemed to be getting warmed up when I'd exhausted myself. She did have hang-ups but I think someone more patient would have done her good. If there'd been someone like Judy around, things might have been different.

Quest: Judy is who?

Engineer: My wife's best friend. I met Helen a couple of years after the break-up with Karen, and it was like a new spring overnight. All the cliches.

Quest: She was sexually more adventurous?

Engineer: Oh much more forward. She looked – she looks – like the kind of demure young lady your mum is going to love. But on our third date she was sucking me off, unasked, and she obviously enjoyed seeing how shocked I was. We were married within six months.

Quest: When did things start to go wrong?

Engineer: They didn't – for me. It was Helen who suddenly blew up. She complained that it was she who was always doing new things in bed. I'd start it all off but then all I wanted was to stick my cock in and explode.

Quest: You didn't accept that?

Engineer: I was shattered. I'd thought she was having as good as time as I was. *Now* I can see her point. And, of course, Judy only seemed to make things worse.

Quest: In what way?

Engineer: Judy was a neighbour, and she and Helen just seemed to hit it off. In fact Judy practically lived in our place. I didn't mind at first. She was a very attractive girl, a tall, long legged blonde, very feminine. Very friendly, too. I had the feeling Judy envied Helen her domestic set-up, and Helen envied Judy her single life; she got through blokes like there was no tomorrow. Then I noticed they were spending more and more time together, and often I'd walk into the room, and the conversation would stop dead.

Quest: Helen was discussing your problems?

Engineer: Oh, no doubt about it. And I really resented it. If Helen gave Judy the kind of details Judy shared with Helen then I had no privacy at all. We had a couple of blazing rows about it. She said she couldn't understand why I disliked Judy because she always had nice things to say about me. I must admit that surprised me.

Quest: What was your attitude to Judy?

Engineer: I liked her, and I fancied her – most men would; she was a very lively, sexy girl. If I hadn't been married, the only reason I wouldn't have made a pass was that she seemed, to be honest, a bit out my league.

Quest: How did you find out you weren't?

Engineer: Helen walked out on me, and I got pissed. We'd planned to have the sort of nice, cosy get-together in bed, but everything went wrong. The Saturday morning we rowed, I stormed off to the pub. When I got back, half blotto, Helen had left a note, saying she was going to stay with her mother in Worthing. So I just started working my way through every beer can in the house. And towards the end of the afternoon Judy walked in.

Quest: You hadn't expected her?

Engineer: *I* hadn't, no. But she often did pop in about tea time. She was obviously surprised at the state I was in, and I wasn't exactly polite when I told her why. But to my surprise she sighed and said, 'You and me both, sunshine. I've just been stood up for this evening. Do you mind if I have a can?'

Quest: How did you react to that?

Engineer: I was quite flattered, actually. She *was* a friend, but she was also a bloody attractive woman. And, sitting over the kitchen table, we started to talk.

Quest: Usefully?

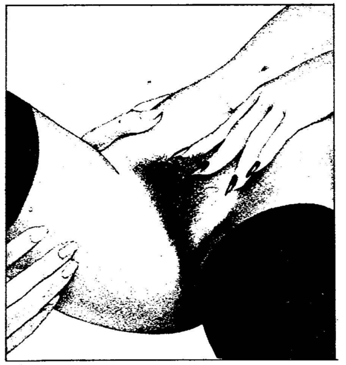
Engineer: Oh very. Obviously the beer helped both of us. I found myself explaining what I did in bed and why. I'd never actually been that frank to a woman before, even in bed. And she was as frank with me.

Quest: How exactly?

Engineer: She told me I'd won half the battle because Helen obviously cared for me, whereas she – Judy – had gone so long without a decent lover she was beginning to think she was past it. It amazed me that *she* thought like that.

Quest: Was that your only reaction?

Engineer: I found the conversation bloody sexy! And it would have been quite embarrassing if I hadn't been feeling sick. I came over queasy, and charged for the bedroom. We've got an en suite bathroom. I made it just in time. I was cleaning my teeth when Judy stuck her head round the door, and asked if I was alright. I said I'd be straight down but as I came out I started wobbling again, and she grabbed me.



Quest: That was opportune.

Engineer: It was 75 per cent accidental. We staggered across the bedroom with Judy half supporting me. Then we tumbled onto the bed. She said: 'I think it's time you were in here.' So I said, 'It might be nice if you were too.' She was lying in the crook of my arm, and I brought my free hand across, and brushed it up the front of her sweater, onto her boob. She lay very still, looking at me. 'Now if I didn't know you were drunk I'd take a dim view of that,' she said. But she didn't pull away, so I moved my thumb across the tip of her breast, and felt the nipple stir through her bra as she breathed in sharply. 'God,' she murmured, 'if you knew what that was doing to me!'

Quest: Did you expect to have sex?

Engineer: I didn't expect anything. It was a kind of magical moment outside the real world. Then Judy broke it, sitting up with a loud sigh. 'Now don't be a naughty boy.'

Quest: What did you do?

Engineer: I didn't believe her. I sat up, and started kissing her back and her throat, and bringing my hands round onto her breasts again, squeezing and fondling them. She said, 'Please, Brian, (name changed) – this isn't fair – what if Helen comes back? – oh Christ – we're going to feel terrible in the morning –' And when she said that I knew she was going to let me.

Quest: So you did?

Engineer: It happened in a great rush. One minute I was lifting the sweater over her head – I must admit I was very curious about her boobs; they were small, hard, round ones, whereas Helen's are big and soft. The next minute she was jerking my trousers and pants down, and pulling me on top of her at the same time, gasping and moaning, 'Oh Brian – we've got to be quick – oh put it in – just put it in – do it – quick – quick – !' That was no problem. I found her warm pussy, slipped my cock inside, and only managed about four deep strokes. She just groaned, clasped her legs around my back really tightly, and jerked herself up and down on my cock as it began spurting.

Quest: It sounds highly satisfactory.

Engineer: It was, but that was only the beginning. I was slumped there half asleep when I felt Judy bending over me, taking hold of my limp cock, and slowly rolling it between her lips. 'This is when you need to look after Helen properly,' she said. 'When she's all worked up and ready to go on. I had a boyfriend once who always came quickly. But if I got him hard again straight away he could do all sorts of lovely things.' I ended up having a crash love-making course lasting half the night! She showed me what positions she liked, how she liked to turn herself on, how *Helen* liked to do the same – it was literally mind-blowing! If you can imagine lying in bed with a gorgeous woman, and wanting to take notes, that was it.

Quest: So you benefitted?

Engineer: Oh unbelievably. Judy let me look into Helen's mind, clearly, for the first time.

Quest: You didn't sleep with Judy again?

Engineer: Oh no. That was clear from the beginning. She took a job down south shortly afterwards, I'm sure, to avoid awkwardness. But I still feel enormously grateful to her. And I'm sure Helen will too if I ever work up the courage to tell her about our shared 'confessor.'

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

BEAUTICIAN, 36 years old, blonde, town of origin Leeds

This interviewee, the daughter of a broken home, left school without qualification at 16, and came to London, where she had a variety of jobs before taking up an apprenticeship as a beautician. She now owns two beauty shops, and is married with two children.

Quest: Do you think you can be too honest in a sexual relationship?

Beautician: I think there are limits to what you can expect your partner to understand or forgive, yes. There are certainly limits to what you can reveal to friends – or so-called friends. I could tell you a tale about that.

Quest: What tale is that?

Beautician: It's just a very bad patch Malcolm, my husband, and I went through.

Quest: Bad in what way?

Beautician: A sort of five year itch. I was setting up the first shop then, and I was totally involved in it. I just let the relationship slide. I don't blame Malcolm for having an affair. I blame the cow he was sleeping with.

Quest: Did you know the woman?

Beautician: I should do – she was my business partner!

Quest: How did you find out?

Beautician: She told me. I knew something was up with Malcolm. There were just too many late nights – too many business trips he'd never had to do before. But when Liz told me it was her it was a bombshell, and I found out what she was really like.

Quest: You'd trusted her before?

Beautician: Oh absolutely. We used to work together in a salon, she was running. I was very impressed, so when I started my business I offered her a stake. Liz wasn't what I'd call pretty, but she knew how to be glamorous without being obvious. And she certainly always had fellows sniffing around her. She used to tell me everything that went

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Young Thomas, the village simpleton, on a visit to his local market town, went for a swim at the local open-air swimming pool. He looked on with envy at another young man surrounded by nubile bathing beauties. In the changing room, Thomas asked the young man how he came to be so popular with the girls.

'Quite simple,' said the young man. 'I stick a big nobbly potato in my bathing trunks. You should try it.'

Good idea, thought Thomas. The next time he was at the baths he did just that. No result. He went three times to the pool, and still no successes. On the third occasion he saw his friend again.

'Look,' he complained. 'I did just as you said but if anything things are worse. The girls just disappear when I'm around.'

The young man regarded him disdainfully.

'Next time,' he said, 'put the potato down the *front* of your trunks.'

Two young married women met at the supermarket.

'Hello, Sue,' said one. 'How are you?'

'Not so well, Pat,' replied the other in a husky voice. 'I've had this sore throat for six weeks now.'

'What a co-incidence,' said Pat. 'I've had exactly the same symptoms.'

'You have?' said Sue, disbelievingly, 'but your voice isn't husky at all. What have you been taking for it.'

'Well, to be honest,' Pat told her, lowering her voice, and looking carefully around, 'I've found that if my throat begins to tickle I can cure it by unzipping my husband, and sucking him off. You should try the same thing.'

'That's kind of you, I will,' replied Sue in a sexy whisper, 'what time does he get home . . .?'

George was making love to his mistress when her husband suddenly returned.

'Quick, out the window,' she demanded. With that, he slid, naked, down the drainpipe, and noticing a group of joggers, joined them to make his escape. After a while, one of the joggers asked him, 'Do you always run in the nude?'

'Oh yes,' George replied. 'It's most invigorating.'

'And do you always wear a condom?'

'No, not always,' George went on. 'But it was raining when I came out.'

What do you call a man with a $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch tool?

Justin.

Why does an elephant have four feet?

Because eight inches would look silly.

The young teacher asked the pupils in her junior class to form a sentence using the word 'Probably'. After giving the children five minutes to consider the problem, she asked little Jimmy for his example. Jimmy stood up and said, 'When I was getting ready for school this morning, Mummy said that if I didn't hurry up, I'd probably be late for school.'

'Very good, Jimmy,' said the teacher. 'Now let's see what John can make of it.'

'Well,' said John, 'when I was passing the music room this morning on my way in, I saw the music mistress leaning against the piano with her knickers down around her ankles, and the gym master leaning against her with his trousers down, and I thought, "They're probably going to crap in the piano." '

'That was heavenly,' cooed the young debutante, as the dashing young officer in the Grenadiers dismounted from her. 'I say, can we do it again?'

'Certainly my dear,' said her unabashed consort, reaching for another condom. 'But first I must change the guard.'

Wayne was a medallion-clad disco fanatic who fancied himself as something of a stud. Because of this, his chat-up lines were less than subtle. As casually as any man can with gold clanking from both arms and his neck, he sauntered up to a young blonde.

'Hey, have you heard my sexual philosophy?' he drooled in her ear.

'No,' replied the girl trying to ignore him.

'It goes Get It Up, Get It In, Get It Off, then Get It Out. Now how does that grab you, dollface?'

'Oh, I've heard of it before,' she said smiling sweetly. 'I call it the Four Get-It system.'

The unhappily married couple were still arguing as they lay in bed.

'Judging from your performance,' sneered the husband, 'I reckon you use cold cream between your legs.'

'And judging from your physique,' his wife retorted, 'you use vanishing cream between yours.'

There was a pub landlord called Fred,
Whose barmaid was the best ever bred.
Ever eager to please,
She served beer on her knees,
To give men a pint with some head.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

Kathleen

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

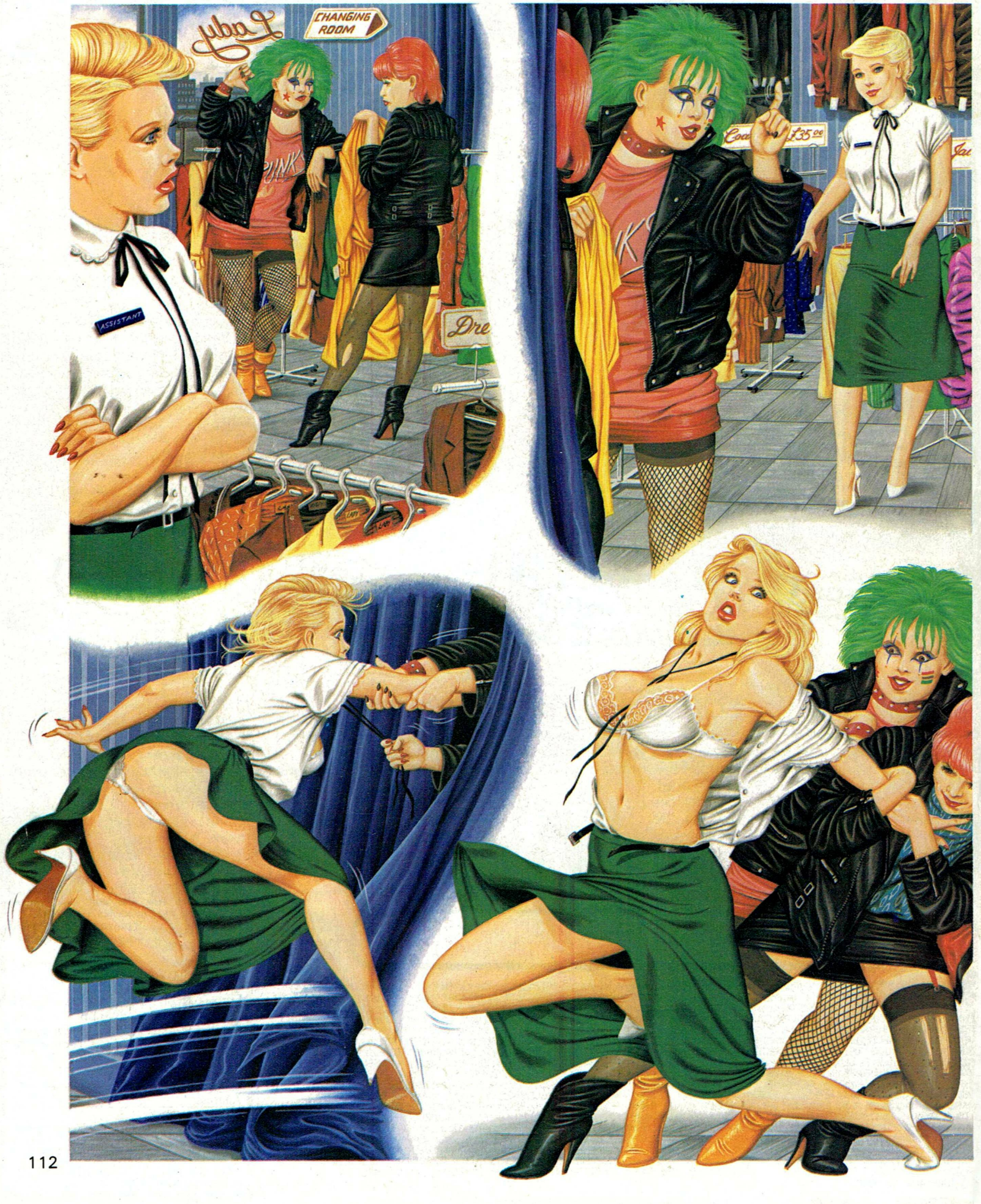
We've featured girls in *Mayfair* who are dedicated film buffs, but none of them match 22-year-old Kathleen Berry when it comes to hours spent in a picture house. For Kathleen is an usherette in a West End cinema, and notches up around forty hours a week patrolling the aisles, and showing people to their seats. 'Of course I couldn't do the job if I didn't love films. If I get bored I amuse myself by learning the dialogue. Kathleen's all-time favourite is *Gone with the Wind*, on video, of course. 'I managed to memorise virtually the whole film. Each day I'd take a different part, and talk along with the characters, under my breath of course.'

Kathleen would one day love to appear in a film herself, and with that 38-24-36 figure there wouldn't be any shortage of men willing to play a love scene with her. 'I belong to an amateur dramatic society near my home in North London, and so far my greatest success has been as Principal Boy in a Christmas panto.' But unfortunately for Kathleen her tights split around her bottom in the first act of Aladdin. 'I kept my face to the audience, and I think only the cast noticed. The guy playing Widow Twankey laughed so much he forgot his lines, and knocked the magic lamp off the table so it smashed to bits. I got my revenge because the producer ticked him off later.'

Kathleen admits to being a fitness fanatic. 'I try to eat healthy foods, and plenty of fresh vegetables, but I do have an uncontrollable weakness for chocolate.' Sometimes she is tempted to eat a whole bar of fruit and nut, and then, stricken by remorse, goes for a five-mile run. 'I also go swimming, and play badminton twice a week.'

CARRIE

An ill-fitting end for Carrie in her clothes shop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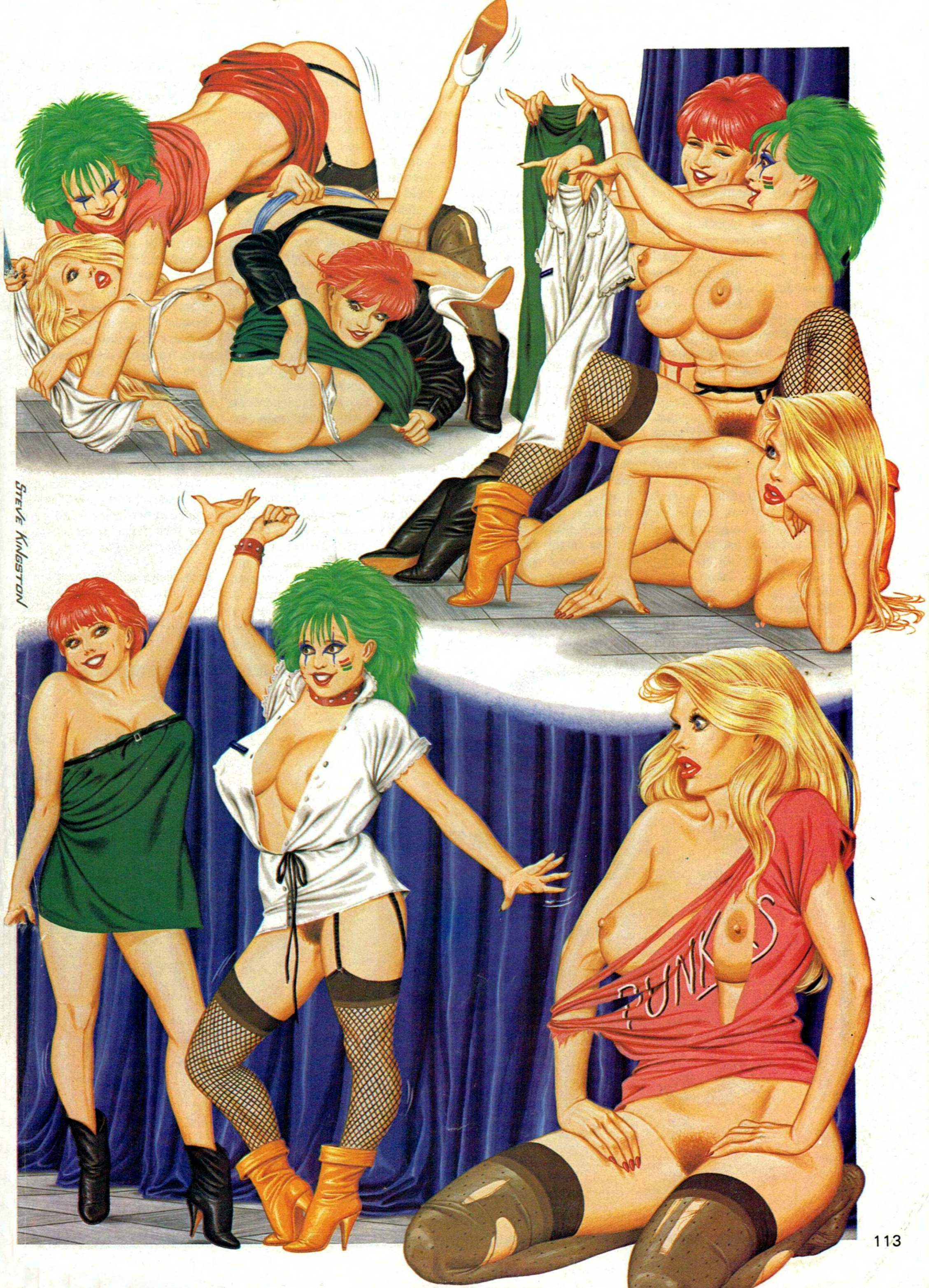

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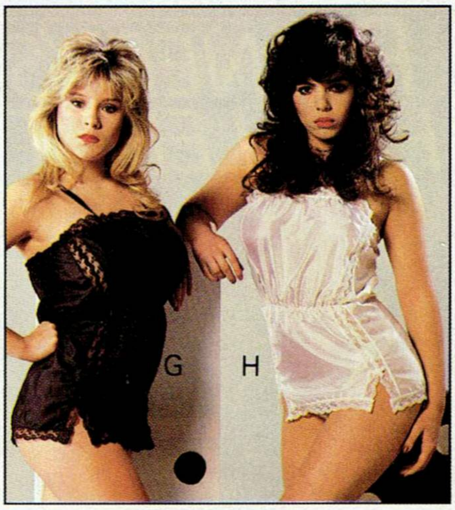

G) Pure silk camisole in seductive black, or elegant ivory (H). Sizes small/med (10-12) and large (14-16).

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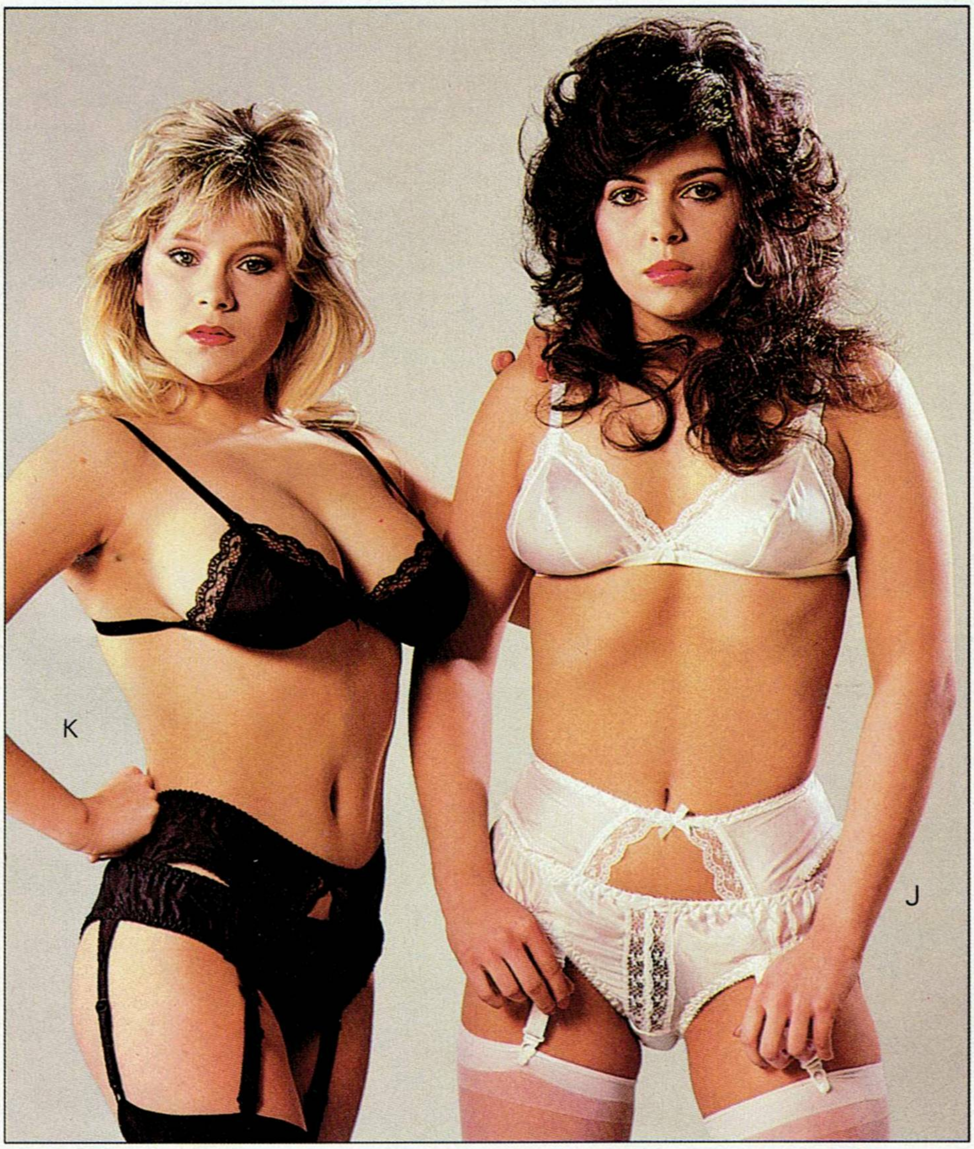

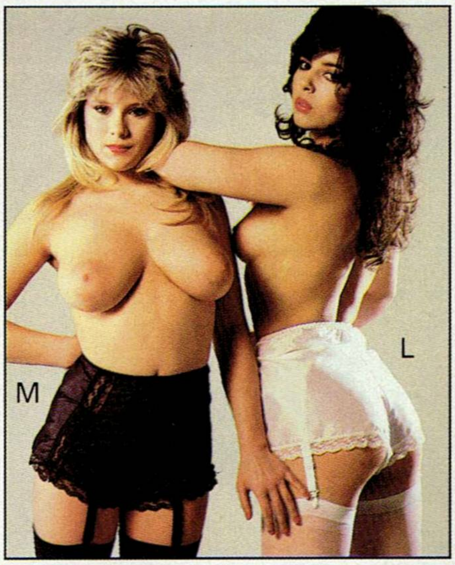

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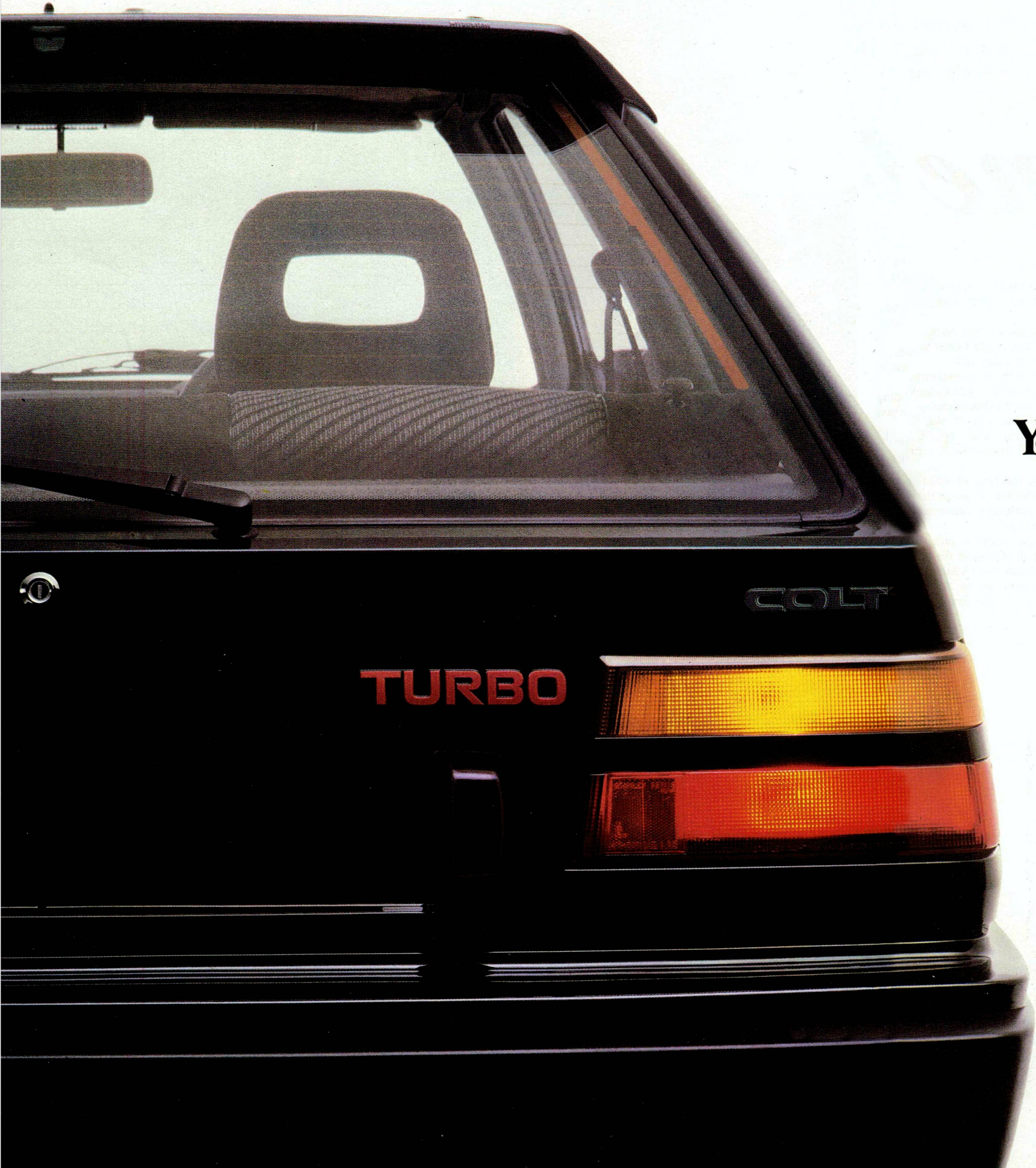

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